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Putting the Blame on the Unions

At Southport this week-end some of the trade union leaders may prove to have been impressed by the campaign that the financial press has been running for the last fortnight. But the delegates on the floor of the conference will be in no mood to take advice from the *Economist*, the *Banker*, the *Financial Times* or Sir Oscar Hobson. And even the Prime Minister's own jeremiad last Saturday, when he warned the guests at a Conservative garden fete that Britain was being priced out of export markets, is unlikely to persuade the trade union movement to accept wage restraint.

For all the big unions are now making, or preparing to make new wage demands. So far, only the Transport Salaried Staff union has opted out of the new round of pay claims, and even its self-denial may have more to do with the complicated politics of railway unionism than with the economic situation. None of the other unions seems inclined to hold back: the leaders must either yield to rank-and-file pressure or resign themselves to a rash of unofficial strikes.

Both the Government and the Conservative press realise that exhortations will have little impact on the T.U.C. The present scare about high wages and "over-full" employment is, therefore, something more than a plea for moderation on the part of the trade unions. It is an attempt to throw the onus for our economic difficulties on organised labour, to conceal the Government's responsibility for the new wave of inflation, and to prepare public opinion for the more drastic financial measures which the Chancellor is now preparing for the autumn. Mr. Butler's Budget gave fresh impetus to the inflationary boom that the "dash for freedom" had already launched, and his manipulation of the bank rate has not checked it.

In a free enterprise boom, the trade unions are bound to make the most of their bargaining position. So long as manufacturing industry is prosperous, with full order books and adequate profit margins, it prefers to grant wage increases rather than lose production through strikes. And, with full employment, concessions made in these "pace-setting" firms then spread, through the network of unionism, to transport, distribution and the home market. Here, unlike the piece-work industries with large export orders, it is harder to increase productivity—as the mines and railways have shown. Yet wages still have to go up to keep in step with earnings in the exporting trades and to meet the rise in living costs deliberately engineered by Mr. Butler and his colleagues since 1951. Despite this, it remains doubtful whether British wage levels are pricing our goods out of foreign markets. One distinguished economist, Mr. R. G. Hawtrey, takes the contrary view that "British exports are being sold too cheap" since the 1949 devaluation, and that foreign customers are being lost mainly because "British producers are overloaded with orders." It is, significantly, not the exporters but financiers like Sir John Braithwaite, chairman of the Stock Exchange, and Mr. Gibson Jarvie, of the United Dominions Trust, who are deploying statistics to conceal how much the increase in distributed profits and the cashing of capital gains have done to promote the present inflation. They are the men who are encouraging the attack on wages.

What is the objective? They know that if the economy is not planned, if imports are not controlled, it is impossible to maintain full employment, free collective bargaining and stable prices. One or more of these must go. That is why much of the advice now given to the Government involves the deliberate creation of unemployment, as a means of reducing demand and, at the same time, making the unions more amenable to discipline. Mr. Butler has not yet come to this desperate remedy. But this autumn he has to choose whether he abandons his attempt to make Conservative freedom work—and eat humble pie to Mr. Gaitskell—or whether he gambles on achieving solvency at the expense of the wage earner, as Tory Chancellors have done in the past.

The News in Review

At Home

THE Three Power Conference on Cyprus opened this week with formal statements of policy by each of the Foreign Ministers—Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Stefanopoulos from Greece and Mr. Zorlu from Turkey. It is obvious, as we write, that there will have to be a great deal of give and take if the Conference is to find any solution to its problem, and that the task has been made more difficult from the start by the exclusion of any Cypriot delegates. Mr. Macmillan, while no longer adhering unequivocally to the Lyttelton doctrine of "no self-determination," has based his policy on the requirements of the Chiefs of Staff and is firmly opposed to self-determination at any precise or foreseeable date. The claim of the Greek Government is that it has been mandated by the people of Cyprus to press for early self-determination and that it can bargain only over the precise timing. Finally, the Turks, legitimately anxious to secure the rights of their compatriots, have stretched their case so far as to claim that the Turkish minority (about one-fifth of the population) is sufficient to veto self-determination by the Greek majority—a view, we observe, which it is difficult to justify by historical precedent. Whatever the difficulties, it is to be hoped that the British delegates realise the urgency of using the present Conference to achieve a settlement with the people of Cyprus before it is too late. Even the Ministry of Defence must surely have learned by now that a military base is useless if all its resources have to be turned against the local population in the interests of internal security.

THE announcement that a new Anglo-American company is to be launched to manufacture and market cathode ray tubes for TV sets is of considerable importance in the war against monopoly price fixing. For the new company will be outside the British Radio Valve Manufacturers' Association, which fixes prices for most of this industry, and is at present under investigation by the Monopolies Commission. The two principals in the new venture are Mr. D. G. Mitchell of the U.S. company, Sylvania Electrical Products Inc., and Mr. Jules Thorn of Thorn Electrical Industries. They claim that, out of automatic production at a starting rate of half a million 21-inch tubes a year they will be able to undercut the existing ring prices by about 33⅓ per cent. by the end of 1956. As production rises and the size of TV screens increases, the economies should be even greater. The Valve Manufacturers' Association is unlikely to take this challenge lying down; and the first beneficial effect of new competition from outside the ring may well be substantial cuts in the ring prices.

IT seems certain that the Mineworkers' Executive, meeting at Southport on Saturday, will reject the Coal Board's suggestion that Italian and Austrian labour be employed to meet the manpower crisis in the pits. With the exception of Durham, all the areas have reported strong opposition, and Durham, significantly, is the one area where the question does not arise: the closure of Durham pits has already meant that Durham miners themselves are bejng moved to the Midlands. Though we do not minimise the difficulties that large-scale import of foreign labour would create, the N.U.M. has produced no convincing alternative. It recognises that British pits need 100,000 men at once and an annual intake of about 60,000. It argues, however, that further wage advances, improved conditions and more mechanisation would ensure recruitment on this scale. This seems most unlikely. What the miners really fear is that if the labour force were expanded by foreign labour their bargaining position would be gravely weakened; as things are, they are already finding it less easy to secure concessions from the Board. If the N.U.M. wishes to keep the public sympathy that the miners have earned over the bad years, it cannot maintain this stubborn attitude when the nation is desperately short of fuel. Surely it could seek a settlement with the Board in which, over a period of years, the intake of foreign labour could be kept in step with a guaranteed programme of improvements in wages and conditions?

AT Southport this week-end Dr. Summerskill, Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Wilson will be discussing the Labour Party's finances with some of the big union leaders. Though the party managed to make a slight surplus on the last election fund, and though it has moderately good reserves, more money is the condition of any of the reforms of the party organisation which Mr. Wilson's subcommittee may soon recommend to the Executive. It will certainly be essential if the number of full-time agents is to be increased. And though local parties raise a substantial proportion of the money that is spent in the constituencies, any large addition to national funds will have to be met mainly by raising the trade union affiliation fees. The union leaders, in discussing this problem, will be very much aware that they are themselves facing a somewhat similar problem. The T.U.C. has recently made a sample survey of union funds, and is now extending this to all its affiliated unions. The preliminary report showed a substantial increase in the administrative costs of the trade unions which has not been balanced by a proportionate increase in income from contributions. Some unions, in fact, are now drawing on their reserves, and many others are no longer able to add to them. Since the union dues now represent about 0.5 per cent. of the average weekly wage, against 1 per cent. in 1939, the unions and the Labour Party may soon have to raise the level of contributions to meet today's higher costs.

Overseas

AS campaigner emeritus, Mr. Truman last Sunday opened the Democratic offensive for the November, 1956, elections. Last year, the Democratic strategy was to call for support of Democrats for Congress as the best friends of the President, who could be counted on to back him against the diehards of his own party. This, however, is not good enough in a year when the Presidency itself is at stake, and now the campaign must be directed at the President. With polling still fourteen months away, Mr. Truman is already thumbing through his "give-'em-hell" phrasebook. The President, he said, has been guilty of misrepresentation and demagogy, and "has never missed a chance to befuddle the real issues"; he has, moreover, permitted big business, which controls the Administration, "to plunder our natural resources." These echoes of Mr. Truman's 1948 tactics may yet ring in other Democratic speeches; but for the moment the office-holders in his own party are likely to be more cautious in their attacks on a popular President.

AFTER two prolonged and stormy meetings, the French Cabinet has finally reached "unanimous" agreement over Morocco. M. Grandval, having been sacrificed to keep in the coalition those Ministers who speak for the Africa lobby, is to be replaced by General Boyer de la Tour, the present Resident-General in Tunisia; Ben Arafa is to abdicate in favour of a "Council of the Throne," which will include the independent nationalist Si Bekkai; and a "representative" Moroccan Government is to be formed by September 12. It appears that the Istiqlal, the largest nationalist party, has refused to participate in such a government until the ex-Sultan, Ben Youssef, is transferred from Madagascar to France. His return, however, has now been accepted in principle by the French Government, and mid-October has been mentioned as a possible date. Meanwhile, 75,000 French reservists have been recalled to active service, and the release-date of a further 100,000 conscripts is to be postponed indefinitely. The new "solution" is obviously M. Faure's best effort to find a settlement. Any further concession to the nationalists would certainly mean the fall of the French Government. On the other hand, it is extremely doubtful whether the concessions now offered are sufficient to outweigh the affront to Arab opinion which has been caused by the removal of M. Grandval.

SOME hard bargaining still lies ahead before West Germany's contribution to Nato is assessed. The Finance Minister, Dr. Schaeffer, has declared that he will go no higher than 9,000 million marks a year. This is still lower than the figure of 10,800 million marks, set by an inter-Allied committee three years ago, and since then both costs and the West German national income have gone up. A true equivalent for the three-year-old figure would now be about 14,000 million marks. Naturally, Dr. Schaeffer does not wish to go so high, as he wishes to make some reductions in taxes in the near future; and he will urge again that West Germany's "special expenditure"—on Berlin and refugees—be ranked as part of Defence expenditure. Britain and France, on whom the Nato burden rests heavily, will be anxious for a quick settlement, since the present agreement, under which Bonn pays 8,000 million marks to Nato, expired this week.

THE Prime Minister of the Sudan is acting wisely in appointing a commission to investigate the causes of the mutiny in the South Sudan. The commission is to include a Southern chief and, if it faces facts, it can hardly stop short of making a case for some kind of autonomy for the South. Meanwhile, the Sudanese Parliament has voted unanimously in favour of exercising self-determination by plebiscite rather than through a constituent assembly. A plebiscite would probably lessen the impact of corruption and outside influences. It would mean altering the procedure decided on by Britain and Egypt in 1953. But the Egyptian leaders may not be greatly disturbed at this. They seem at last to be reconciling themselves to genuine self-determination for the Sudan —even if this should mean complete separation from Egypt.

Paris

Ratissage in Africa

Our Paris Correspondent writes: "*Ratissage* operations have been taking place in the Oued-Zem region of Morocco and in the Constantine Department in Algeria. . . ." So ran the lead stories in the French press last week. The word *ratissage* is not to be found in *Larousse*; but eye-witness accounts published by the French newspapers give only too clear an idea of what it means. Thus the special correspondent of *Le Monde* writes: "At a village I visited three miles from Philippeville (Algeria), fifty old men, women and children had been killed. All the able-bodied men had fled into the hills the night before. I have never seen a more pitiful spectacle than the one I witnessed after the French troops had left. Walking through the blackened and smoking streets, I was greeted only by the howling of dogs—the sole survivors of the massacre."

Even official sources have been unable to maintain a complete curtain of secrecy. Thus, Radio-Alger announced last week the destruction of ten Arab villages, which it described as "nerve-centres of the rebellion." It added that the Arab women and children had previously been evacuated. Whether this last statement is to be believed is doubtful: the next day, *L'Humanité* was seized for revealing that a number of villages had been bombed *without* warning and without evacuations, and its statement was confirmed by a photograph of thousands of corpses which had been collected in the Municipal Stadium at Philippeville. Perhaps the most sinister aspect of the *ratissage* operations is that they appear to have been carried out, at least in part, by groups of *colon* volunteers, of whom *Le Monde* remarks: "They have been doing their work with a passion which has sometimes degenerated into sheer frenzy. . . ."

Information about Morocco is scarcer since journalists were forbidden to accompany the Foreign Legion in its operations in the Oued-Zem area. Nevertheless, according to a Reuter dispatch, "Out of the 12,000 inhabitants of this region, only 8,000 are left. The others have been killed, imprisoned or have fled to the mountains . . . numerous villages have been razed to the ground for having sheltered rebels or killed or wounded legionaries." It is, for the moment, impossible to advance any definite figure of those killed in this area. Moroccan Nationalist sources claim that 30,000 were massacred in the Oued-Zem-Khenifre area alone; while the *official* figure for those killed in Algeria is as high as 5,000. It appears in any case to be true that in entire regions, all the male Arabs have been killed or have fled to the hills—presumably to join the terrorist bands. In Philippeville (pop. 200,000), for instance, no bread is being baked in the native quarter for lack of workers. In Morocco, where correspondents were invited last week to watch the official ceremony of the surrender of the rebel tribes, it was noticed that most of those who assembled, holding the traditional white chiffon scarf of surrender, were women and children. Thus, the correspondent of the Right-wing *Parisien Libéré* described a crowd of 7,000 women and children he had seen gather at the Legion post north of Oued-Zem. Where were the men?

So far, none of the accounts of atrocities published in the French press has been denied by the Government. It has not been necessary. Indeed, the Right-wing press has been publishing such dispatches as if they were the communiqués of a victorious army. Such newspapers have published entire pages of accounts by Europeans who "survived the massacre," and have referred openly to "vengeance operations carried out by the forces of order." With equal venom they demanded the removal of Gilbert Grandval, the Resident-General, who had become a living proof that the so-called "insurmountable racial hatred of the Moroccans for the French" is not inevitable, but merely the result of a policy of blind folly. Grandval's popularity with the Moslems proved, indeed, his downfall. Two months ago he was unknown in Morocco; today he is the idol of a whole people, simply because he delivered them from the tyranny of a number of high-placed officials and showed them that France could also wear a humane face. Even at the height of the repression, the walls of the Arab *medinas* were covered with inscription *Vive Grandval*—for the Moroccans refused to believe he was associated with such madness. His work goes far to prove that had France pursued a different policy, the intermingling of races and civilisations in North Africa could have been achieved without massacres and holy wars. But "Official" France—the France of the *colons*—has deliberately turned down such a policy. Grandval is to go and North Africa has been delivered to the *ratissages*.

And the French public? True, there have been a few protests, even on the Right. But the great majority of Frenchmen have followed this week's events in North Africa with strange indifference, as if they were remote and unimportant. Yet the grim tragedy which is now being enacted in North Africa is something infinitely more important than the chronic crisis of French political life. It throws into sharp relief the role France plays in the world, and the reputation of Frenchmen as a civilised nation. Already in Asia France's prestige has trickled away in the mud of Indo-China. Soon, in many other countries, the question will be asked: How can one of the world's most civilised nations allow its Government to perpetrate atrocities worthy only of the Waffen S.S.? And the French will find it difficult to reply "we didn't know about them." For they have only to read their own newspapers.

"*Victoire! Grandval est tombé . . .*"

News from Our Own Correspondents

Israel

Ben Gurion's Difficulties

Mr. Ben Gurion's efforts to form a Government based on all parties except the Communists and the Right-wing, ex-terrorist Heruth have not yet succeeded, and there is a possibility that Israel will have to wait several weeks for its new Cabinet. The results of the General Election have made Mr. Ben Gurion's task difficult: his Mapai party lost seven seats, while the General Zionists who were his main partners in the former coalition lost ten. There was a general movement of opinion away from the centre, and towards the extremes, with Heruth the chief gainers. There were several reasons for this: the first was undoubtedly the dissatisfaction of the Israeli man in the street with the lack of security on the borders and the inability of Mr. Sharett's moderate foreign policy to gain more active support for Israel's cause among the Powers. Whatever else the election proved, it made it very clear that this foreign policy, whatever its merits, has no backing in the country. All are agreed that had Mr. Ben Gurion, himself a confirmed "activist," not headed the Mapai list, his party would have lost at least another 8 or 10 seats. And such a development may yet take place at the next election unless a more uncompromising mood begins to prevail at the Israel Foreign Ministry or some of the outstanding problems are in the meantime solved on lines acceptable to public opinion.

But foreign policy was only one of the issues and, though important, probably not decisive. For the election suggests something very like a revolt against the Histadruth, the most powerful factor on the Israeli economic scene. The Histadruth controls the labour exchanges, most of the health services, and through its companies a sizable section of industry and trade. Moreover, it controls Mapai, and thus has a great influence on the Government. There is widespread resentment among the 700,000 post-1947 immigrants to Israel—now a majority of the population—that they are practically unrepresented in the top echelons of Histadruth, the civil service and most of the political parties.

Mr. Ben Gurion's problem now is to achieve a Government coalition which can last four years. There is little doubt that should a general election be held next year or even in 1957, the present trend will continue. But the conservative General Zionists have good reason to rue joining the previous Government, in which incidentally they did not shine. They can hardly afford to join now, without achieving serious concessions which would protect the incomes and profits of their supporters from the private sector. And such concessions would be strongly opposed by Brigadier Alon's Achduth Haavodah Party, which fought the election partly on the issue of "higher wages for everybody, Government control of imports, and smaller profits." Thus the simultaneous presence of the General Zionists and Achduth Haavodah in the new Government is going to be very difficult to achieve, and the chances are heavily against it.

Though Mr. Ben Gurion would, no doubt, like to have as wide a coalition as possible, in order to be able to exercise more influence from its centre, he may therefore have to reconcile himself to a Government which leans heavily either to the Right or to the Left. The latter would have to include, in addition to Brigadier Alon's followers, also the pro-Soviet Mapam group, as well as probably the larger of the religious parties. From the point of view of the West, the best which could be expected from such a Government is strict neutralism. At home, this coalition would tend to strengthen the trend towards the emergence of a "socialist" and a "capitalist" bloc, and later perhaps of a two-party system. On the other hand, it would be under a disadvantage when formulating economic policy. All the Socialist parties, including Mapai, find it difficult to resist pressure from the Histadruth for higher wages. Since Israel maintains her balance of payments with the aid of a large volume of capital imports, and the latter are likely to dwindle to a trickle once German reparations are exhausted, the need to increase home savings for re-investment in the economy has become paramount. A higher standard of living for the workers is thus a luxury which Israel will not be able to afford for some years, and any Government which disregards this fact is liable run into a serious economic crisis.

A Right-wing Government, on the other hand, would face a different difficulty. Here it would be far easier to evolve a policy which would create profits, but more difficult to assure their re-investment. The large weight of Mapai might however be put into the balance to achieve a reasonable level of investment, and on the whole a constructive economic policy might be easier to carry through. Foreign policy would remain pro-Western. Mr. Ben Gurion, however, is likely to be chary of an exclusive coalition with the Right. He will fear that Mapai may lose additional votes to the extreme Left as a result, without gaining any from Heruth, which would remain in opposition. If his efforts to create a National Government, embracing all parties except the Communists and Heruth, fail, he may try to limit the coalition to Mapai, the religious parties, the liberal Progressives and Brigadier Alon's Achduth Haavodah.

YOHANAN RAMATI

New York

Peaceful Fusion

Our New York Correspondent writes: American opinion is still reacting to the Geneva conference on atomic energy. Returning Congressional members of the U.S. delegation have stated that America is "fumbling" its programme to harness the power of the hydrogen bomb for peaceful purposes. The question of peacetime hydrogen power was raised at Geneva. It had not been included on the official agenda, and the U.S. delegation had intended to maintain strict secrecy on the point. Once the subject was broached, however, the United States and Britain both acknowledged they had been conducting such experiments and the conference understood that the Soviet Union probably had too.

Both Senator Clinton P. Anderson, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, and Representative Melvin Price, a leading Democratic member of the committee, expressed concern that the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission might be writing down the potentiality of the more revolutionary aspects of peacetime hydrogen power. Senator Anderson said that the United States has only a handful of scientists engaged on the programme. He went on to say that while the Soviet Union was not ahead in industrial power production from nuclear fission, it did possess an "extremely good" programme of basic physics research and also had "good scientific equipment and the will to work." He claimed, however, that the U.S. was still "well ahead" in atomic weapons.

Mr. Dulles and the Arabs

THE immediate response from those most closely affected by Mr. Dulles's proposals for a Middle East treaty has been the renewed clatter of sten-guns on the Gaza frontier. At the same time, informed comment in the British and American press has tended to discount the possibility of the plan's acceptance. It is almost certainly true that neither the Israeli nor the Arab governments concerned are, as things stand, in a position to face the political consequences of accepting the Dulles plan, even if they had the desire to do so. So far, then, we are on the side of the pessimists: no one should expect Mr. Dulles's initiative to have the immediate effect of creating a state of brotherly love between Jew and Arab—or even, in the short term, of pacifying the bad-lands on the frontier.

Mr. Dulles's proposals deserve (and can stand up to) longer-range tests than that. It may be the needs of military strategy, rather than an unselfish desire to raise Middle East living standards, which have convinced Washington that the U.S. must take a bigger share of responsibility for a settlement between Israel and the Arabs. That necessity accepted, it may well be further that a desire to undermine the Democratic Party's influence on the Jewish lobby in New York dictated the timing of Mr. Dulles's statement. But no amount of self-interest by the Eisenhower Administration should blind one to the fact that the Dulles proposals are constructive and sensible; that a solution to the problems of the Levant is bound, in the long run, to lie along some such lines.

The Dulles plan, in effect, calls for concessions by both sides. Its acceptance would involve the Arabs in having to recognise and live with the State of Israel: they would have to abandon finally all plans for a "second round": they would have to move their refugees from the concentration camps near the Jewish frontier, in which so many thousands have had to sweat it out for the last seven years, and resettle them productively in more distant territories. The Israelis, on their side, would have to accept the commitment of paying compensation to the Arabs they displaced: they would have to agree to negotiate the line of their permanent frontiers with the adjacent Arab countries—in the foreknowledge that they would probably have to make a number of minor territorial concessions: they too would have to abandon all thoughts of forcible expansion, together with the "activist" policy in frontier areas, which has led to some of the worst of recent border incidents.

These are not concessions which could easily or immediately be made by the governments on either side. Yet the Israelis, at least, might realise that, given a reasonable opportunity for face-saving manœuvre, the concessions demanded are small in return for a full alliance with the U.S. and Britain, coupled with an effective guarantee that the growing power of the Arab States would never be turned against them. What then of the Arabs?

Arab bitterness against Israel has always been at two levels, and inspired by different motives at each of them. First is the anger of the

"Palestinian" Arabs—both those who have been dispossessed, and those who fear the possibility of further Israeli expansion. However much this emotion has been exploited by unscrupulous governments, it is genuine enough and not unreasonable. The Western Powers have never, in the past, appreciated the importance to Arab opinion of the legalistic, but characteristically Moslem, demand for individual compensation to the refugees. The Dulles plan makes reasonable compensation a practicable possibility and at the same time removes the fear of further displacement. Nothing, probably, can purge individual refugees of their bitter resentment; but such a scheme would certainly go far to take the edge and immediacy off their anger.

But at a level far removed from the hardships of the refugees, anti-Jewish hatred of a different sort has been sedulously fomented. In Amman and in Cairo, in Damascus and on the rich farms of Mesopotamia, in the holy places of Saudi-Arabia and down the Gulf, an overfed and corrupt ruling class (most of whom lost nothing in Palestine) have exploited every means—including the misery of the refugees—to sustain war and hatred. Their motive is plain: it is the refusal to face the challenge offered by the emergence of a modern state in the flank of Arabia to the *vie luxueuse*, which they are able to maintain only within a substantially feudal system and by the acquiescence of an illiterate and servile populace. Israel, with its Socialist government, its collective farms and its fanatic pursuit of modern methods of living and cultivating, is the beginning of the end of the Pashas; and they are not willing to surrender their privileges while a single "poor and burning Arab" can be induced to fight for them.

Yet even in the Arab countries there is a growing realisation among the younger people that no progress can be made until the social system is changed. In Egypt, that process has already begun—tentatively, inadequately, but unmistakably. In the other Arab countries, signs of social unrest are increasing; and all too often British influence is used to bolster up the old order and to suppress the stirrings of revolt which, if we did but admit it, are the first labour pains of a new and peaceful Middle East.

The Dulles plan, which contains the elements of a settlement, can never succeed unless it is linked with the strengthening and encouragement of the more progressive elements in the Arab countries. Once the problem of the frontier were resolved, there might be no basic social reasons why Ben Gurion's Israel and Nasser's Egypt should not co-exist in harmony. It is the Pashas of Jordan, Iraq and Syria who dare not come to terms. We agree with Mr. Macmillan's endorsement of the Dulles plan and his intimation that this country would be willing to share in its responsibilities. Yet he himself will surely realise that this policy is a meaningless form of words, unless, at the same time, he directs British diplomacy in the Arab countries to support and cultivate, not our "traditional friends" among the Pashas but the younger men and the reformers. In the modern world they will prove the more enduring and the more substantial allies; and they alone have even the desire to achieve a new and better order in the Middle East.

The Commonwealth of Science

IMAGINE the fathers of the Industrial Revolution meeting 200 years ago and deciding that there would be no slums, no slag-heaps, no cholera and no Hungry Forties and you can get some sense of what happened at the Atoms-for-Peace conference at Geneva. To its promise of power unlimited for the New Industrial Revolution, it coupled foresight of its social hazards and opportunities. Out of the thousand papers of scientific facts came also a synthesis of wisdom. And it came in the nick of time. Never has there been, in the history of Man, such a convention. It resembled the fulfilment of H. G. Wells's dream of disinterested experts, merging in the Commonwealth of Science, combining knowledge, which in isolation is dangerous, into a body of experience and giving a leadership transcending politics.

It was the end of the illusion of secrecy which has corrupted science for the past ten years. Of course, there are secrets; military "know-how" and, now, commercial "know-how"; but it was abundantly plain that there is not, and never was, any scientific monopoly. With grace abounding, the Atomic Powers unloaded their costly, hard-won experience only to find that the lesser breeds outside the McMahon Law had their own trumps up their sleeves. Indeed, it was pointed out that there were over 900 different ways of making a fission-reactor. On the difficult problems of radio-chemistry, of the separation of elements and production of metals, impoverished countries like Portugal, India and Israel matched their ingenuity against the technological resources of the Great Powers.

With the forecasts that industrial nuclear reactors would spread throughout the world went the promise of fuels adequate to meet any predictable needs. There will be no shortage of uranium in the next fifty years; and as an alternative fuel there is thorium, once humbly familiar as the coating of gas-mantles. This element is abundant in India and Brazil. But even if the fuels were in short supply, the prospect of "breeding" limits the future needs for bulk supplies. By this process, reactors, while producing industrial power, create, or convert, more fissionable fuel than they consume. The results of breeding can mean that by the year A.D. 2000 the world's total need for atomic energy will be supplied at fuel costs of less than £50 million. And beyond that lies the inexhaustible energy of the fusion process—demobilising the H-bomb and putting it to work.

To the prospect of power not only for the highly developed countries, but for the power-hungry countries, awaiting industrialisation, and for the remote places of the world, was added the immeasurable possibilities of radioactive isotopes. Dr. Willard Libby, of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, truly said that nuclear research and development would have justified itself if it had never produced power but only those isotopes. His colleague, Mr. P. Aebershold, put the savings already achieved by the use of radioactive tracers in world industry at a thousand million dollars. From all over the world came accounts of living-alchemy—the study by tracers of the nature of disease and of the body process; of the treatment of disease; of the new war against epidemics by the labelling of insect vectors and, already, of eleven diseases organisms. Medical science now has tools unguessed at ten years ago.

Similarly, radioactive tracers have begun to unravel photosynthesis, the method by which plants, through the agency of chlorophyll, trap the energy of the sun and use it to convert air, water and minerals into substances that are the food for man and beast. With the precision of a chemical engineer's blue-print Dr. Melvin Calvin (U.S.) illustrated every stage of the plant's conversion of carbon dioxide into carbohydrates, the sugars and starches which supply body-energy; and Dr. A. M. Kuzin (U.S.S.R.) gave an account of further conversions into proteins and organic acids. With power to counterfeit natural photosynthesis, scientists could escape the limitations of the soil of this planet and by-pass the crop-process. But we do not have to wait for that. Already the plant geneticists are taking plants (like barley) unchanged for 500,000 years in their main characteristics, and "modernising" them. They can borrow the better qualities of barley and give them to wheat and *vice versa*. They can shorten the growing period so that crops may grow in the short summers of the Arctic; they can make disease-resistant strains or adapt plants to the deserts. In less than five years they can produce changes which by normal breeding methods would take fifty.

All this—and much, much more—was explicit in the presentations of the scientists. But humanity's greatest adventure (as Professor W. V. Mayneord called the atomic era) is not without its risks. The discussion of the hazards made it abundantly plain that the conference had been called in the nick of time. If countries had gone on blithely developing and competitively scattering power reactors throughout the world, without international safeguards, the human future might have been at risk. This aspect prepossessed the journalists, who were difficult to reassure about the genetic hazards which might affect unborn generations. The difficulty was increased by the fact that the scientists, by the strict terms of reference of "peaceful uses," could not grasp the nettle which was obviously stinging the journalists—the effects of "fall-out" and radiation from bombs. Nor could they, since this was a scientific conference dealing with measurable facts, do otherwise than admit that, in the realm of human genetics, they know precious little about radiation effects. They could say that it would be unwise (in present ignorance) to allow "background radiation" to increase much, since it might effect the mutation-rate. Against that they could claim that at the present state of atomic development the risks are negligible and that safeguards in atomic plants are such that it is safer to work in them than almost anywhere else.

But misgivings were revived by the discussions on the disposal of radioactive wastes from existing atomic plants, by burial, by sea-disposal or by filter chimney stacks. Individually the experts were reassuring about their own practices; but the sum of the discussions gave no ground for complacency. From Hanford, America's great plutonium plant, came reports of leakages, in spite of all precautions, of radioactive substances into the Columbia River. The radioactivity was absorbed by diatoms, the simplest cell-structures, and communicated to the larvae of water insects which, in turn, were eaten by fish which registered radiophosphorous concentrations 100,000 times the normal amount. Birds, eating insects, showed 500,000 times the normal amount. Fortunately for the salmon industry and its customers, the salmon swimming purposefully up the Columbia to their spawning grounds do not eat until their return to the sea!

Britain gave a detailed account of how, by elaborate research and precautions, waste products from Windscale plutonium plant in Cumberland were deposited in the Irish Sea. Carefully the experts explained how no risk was involved, that the fish were safe, and though the seaweed picked up a bit, there was nothing to worry about. They did not convince Professor Krotkov of the U.S.S.R., where the limits of "tolerance" seem to be much stricter than elsewhere. The professor protested that radioactive wastes should not be

disposed of in any large body of water, including the Irish Sea, since the ecological effects might be more widespread than anyone could know.

The really dangerous waste-products, long-lived intensely radioactive sources, can be imbedded in concrete or radiation-proof containers and dumped into the ocean deeps. But even there the oceanographers are not too sure. It was pointed out that some of the deeps are canyons with 50 miles-an-hour submarine rivers racing through them; and packages would have rough usage and might release local concentrations. Would it then be better to take advantage of the slow diffusion between the deeper waters and the upper levels and just put the radioactive materials on the sea-floor? But, no, the oceanographers then argued that the interchange between deep and cold waters and the surface layers might lift radioactive elements into upper waters and into food-fish. There are, apparently, only two likely places in the world where this would, with certainty, not happen—in the muds of the Caribbean and the Black Sea.

All this was not as pessimistic as it might seem. At least the physicists, the chemists and the biologists have got together, instead of working dangerously in the blinkers of their expertise. The misgivings of the few became the caution of the many. There is Claude Bernard's axiom for all scientists "In knowledge pursue, but in ignorance refrain." Nor, as Professor Mayneord pointed out, need the restraints be so excessive as to deny the world the early benefits of atomic power. But it does mean that, before the Commonwealth of Science can be accepted by the world without misgivings, much more intensive studies must be made of human genetics and of the "safe threshold" of atomic radiation.

RITCHIE CALDER

London Diary

I HAD just heard Ritchie Calder describing the promise of peace and plenty held out by the Geneva Conference of nuclear scientists. No sooner had he gone than I received a visit from a foreign physicist whose first interest is in developing power in his own backward country. His worry was not, like Calder's, the danger of eating radioactive fish. He feared the increased threat to liberty that may arise, first for small nations if they become more than ever dependent on great industrialised countries, and secondly for individuals as the power of governments becomes more absolute. For the first time, my visitor saw Orwell's *1984* as a real possibility. Obviously, the dangers from concentrations of power are increasing. It is always hard to combine justice and peace: free institutions have come from popular struggles, behind which there has been a possibility of revolution and war. Socialists who talk a great deal about "re-thinking" had better re-think in this new framework.

* * *

The need for centralised planning will no longer be the nub of controversy. I know, of course, that it matters very much whether, for instance, in America, the TVA principle is applied to the development of nuclear energy, or whether it falls into the hands of vast industrial combines. But increasingly the problem is how to prevent totalitarianism, whether that of the State or of private monopolies. And another problem will be how to prevent small nations and undeveloped peoples becoming the slaves of a few great blocs. National as well as individual freedom depends on the creation of new institutions. These controversies are likely in the future radically to change political alignments. Some who are now Liberals, and even a few Conservatives, may find themselves allied with Left-wing Socialists, and some orthodox Labour men will go into the same voting lobbies as conventional Tories. I believe that the malaise from which the Socialist movement has been suffering during the last few years is primarily due to the discovery by Socialists, who have always believed that they were fighting for the liberties of the working class, that they have little in common with some of the machine managers of the Labour and trade union movements. Socialist thinking should now be addressed to the problems of decentralisation, once power, whether privately or publicly controlled, becomes absolute.

* * *

Victor Gollancz, always the indefatigable organiser of movements, has collected an admirable team of "abolitionists." The executive of his National Campaign consists of Canon Collins, Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., Frank Owen, Arthur Koestler, and two M.P.s of different persuasions, Christopher Hollis and Reginald Paget. The Campaign seeks to make a mass appeal. Though demonstrations outside prisons and sensational forms of attack will be taboo, there are to be organised protests when people are hanged. The Campaign is launched at a favourable moment, when many usually thoughtless people are still profoundly shocked at the hanging of Ruth Ellis, and when a second book (reviewed here this week by C. H. Rolph) examining the Christie-Evans case has just appeared. I've also read the book and am confirmed in my judgment that the Scott-Henderson report was a distressing, extraordinary and indefensible document. For a long time I've thought that the most probable English compromise would be to abolish the black cap, keep the death penalty (preferably not hanging) for the poisoners and such-like deliberate murderers and otherwise let the death penalty fall into disuse. That would follow the pattern of many British reforms. Recently, however, the number of reprieves has decreased and the only thing is to go right out for abolition. The one serious argument that has to be met is the difficulty of finding an alternative, particularly for the sexual psychopathic murderer. And here, for some strange reason, we British are too superior to be interested in what happens in other countries. We are one of the few modern civilised States which retain capital punishment; why is it that we do not properly investigate what happens in Scandinavia, for instance?

* * *

The Hermitage, Russia's great art collection, is, of course, in Leningrad. Moscow, when I was there recently, had two art galleries which I was told I must see. My interpreter took me first to a gallery of Russia's national paintings; most of them, apart from a unique collection of ikons, were excessively dreary. The other gallery contained the superb Dresden collection which the Soviet authorities have now, according to promise, returned to its former German home. My interpreter was piqued that I didn't enjoy a prolonged stay looking at the worst kind of Victorian representational art. I said, "Why are you so nationalistic? Your inheritance includes magnificent poetry (which I am sorry I cannot read in the original) and the greatest novels in the world; you have produced some of the best music; you have superb theatre, and as for your ballet—no one, however prejudiced, denies your incomparable achievement. Why then, must you persuade yourself that you have also the finest artists? It is as foolish as if the British were to pretend to lead the world in music." I had an illustration of the contrast between the real opinions of Russians and the party line when, at a Communist gathering in Finland, I met a local party editor, who looked very shocked when, I said that, in recent years, Soviet films had not maintained the fine standard set in the early days by Eisenstein. At that minute one of the best-known present Soviet producers joined us. I explained my point, adding that excellence in film production seemed periodically to move from one country to another. To the embarrassment of his party colleague, he immediately agreed. "Why, of course," he said, "the U.S.S.R. has done very little first-class film work lately." The leadership in films had, he suggested, passed for the time being to the Italians and Japanese. In this, as in other things, we shall find that as the official propaganda slackens off, the artists and educators of the Soviet Union have been quite unaffected by the pretences of the party line, which they have not before been able openly to contradict.

* * *

Discerning readers of the *N.S. & N.* have long been relying on our Paris Correspondent for their interpretation of French news, and particularly of events in French North Africa. Some of them will rightly have identified this unusually informed writer with Paul Johnson, who wrote last week's remarkable article entitled "High Noon in Morocco." Mr. Johnson is now joining the regular staff of this journal in London, and our Paris Correspondent will be Mr. K. S. Karol, who has already been an anonymous contributor to this journal, and is one of the foundation staff of *L'Express* in Paris. That paper has a unique record, as far as my knowledge goes, in the world of journalism. It began two years ago as a very enterprising weekly which supported M. Mendès-France. It has made such a success that, I understand, it will shortly turn into a daily. I hasten to reassure any of our readers who may fear that the same fate awaits this journal that the economics of journalism in England are such as totally to exclude such a transformation.

* * *

The village fair was already in full swing when we got there. It was a lovely evening, there were stalls, raffles and games of chance on the village green. People were enjoying themselves. The proceeds were to go to repairs of the little Saxon church—a matter on which local agnostics were likely, in their own way, to feel as keen as orthodox church-goers. There was a "children's Derby" and a tombola; a "clairvoyant" (who lives not very far from me) prophesied, surprisingly enough, that I should go on a journey one day, visit the home of an important person this week, and have a lot of love in my life. If I tried to make money I should not succeed very well. Then I learnt that the Law had informed the Committee that we were courting trouble. Two policemen, bulging with self-importance, had happened, by some coincidence, to arrive in this seldom-policed village just after the fair had been opened. They explained that the law had been broken; games of chance must not be played in a public place. If they had mentioned the point earlier, it would have been easy enough to place the tombola in a private garden. Some indignation was expressed that they had waited for the law to be broken, before making a fuss about this technicality. The interesting question now is whether this prosecution will ever really be brought. If

it is, the magistrates will, I think, be more embarrassed than the Committee.

* * *

My favourite news-story for several weeks comes from a recent issue of the *Daily Mail*:—Two burly tunnel workers have quit their jobs because they were not allowed to appear on TV in the B.B.C.'s programme about sewers last week. . . . When they were told the day-shift men would appear on the programme instead, they walked out.

CRITIC

New Lutes of Jade

"Any brand of creative spirit which is not of the masses and of the proletariat . . . should be destroyed."—*Mao Tse-tung: Lectures on Literature and Art*, 1942, *as quoted by the* Manchester Guardian.

Under the dynasties of Wei and Chin,
Poets cultivated an elegant pessimism,
  Likewise under T'ang and Ming, and even Chiang,
And the deplorable family of Soong—
But all is different under Mao Tse-tung.

Red leaves sadly falling in autumn rains
Inspired effusions of gentle melancholy,
  With polished ornament in classic style.
But the cultured seclusion of followers of Tao
Has no place whatever in the People's Republic of Mao.

Under the dynasties of Han and Sung,
Poet bureaucrats—also Government officials—
  Always in exile in Shantung or Shensi,
Sighing for friends in Kwantung or Szechwan,
Were not compelled to boost the Five Year Plan.

Enlightened to-day by candid self-analysis,
Poets must express co-operative enthusiasm,
  Dedicate odes to the happy proletariat,
And in the progressive Marxist springtime leave behind
Two thousand years of pessimism refined.

Intelligent apprehension of consequences
If requisite hilarity is not forthcoming,
  However, produces the opposite effect,
And makes poets more depressed than those who sang
Under the Han and Wei and Ming and T'ang.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Fox hunting is, perhaps, the most democratic of all field sports. With the aid of a bicycle, or if you are fleet enough of foot, you can follow the Quorn or the Pytchley and be welcome—provided always, of course, that you comply with the unwritten laws of hunting.—*The Times*. (J. Hollis.)

I always switch off the radio when there is a choir or operatic performance on. For I know my dog hates to listen. I've looked into his eyes and seen the sad expression there. He may be dumb, but I'm not—and I respect his feelings.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (J. Payne.)

Mr. Prince Neptune, who keeps a boarding-house in Lilford Road, Camberwell, London, went to Brixton police station yesterday, with 500 "pin-up" pictures left by a lodger who, he says, departed on Sunday without paying his bill. Several policemen examined them carefully; then they handed them all back to Mr. Neptune and told him that he must keep them in case the lodger calls back for them.

Mr. Neptune finds his situation embarrassing. . . .

"They are not the kind of thing I like my husband to have," Mrs. Neptune commented.—*Manchester Guardian*. (J. Baker.)

The Genius of St. Paul's

DURING the blitz, St. Paul's Cathedral became the symbol of London's determination to survive, which makes it all the more tragic that it has lately become the symbol of London's—or at least the City of London's—failure to take advantage of the architectural opportunities the blitz created. With an increasing sense of frustration the public has seen well-laid plans for improving the City postponed and perverted until what began as a far-seeing programme of comprehensive reconstruction has declined into a process of piecemeal rebuilding as sites become financially ripe for development. The contribution that each new building might make, functionally and visually, to the City as a whole has been ignored in favour of the maximum profitable lettable floor-space it can be made to provide. And as the buildings have risen into the City sky, they have revealed themselves not as reaching forward towards the new world we were encouraged to believe in, but as looking back to the banal commercial architecture of a generation ago.

What goes on elsewhere in the City the public has learnt to accept fatalistically, but in the last few months it has become aware that the process of piecemeal rebuilding on the bad old pattern was taking place round St. Paul's, too, and apathy has given place to anxiety. It was, no doubt, his knowledge of the strength of public sentiment about St. Paul's that led Mr. Duncan Sandys, when he recently became Minister of Housing and Local Government, to intervene and compel the City Corporation to appoint an architect to devise a new scheme for the treatment of the area round the cathedral.

Sir William Holford is not due to present his proposals until the end of the year. We shall see then how much can be rescued from the ruins of our war-time expectations. Although his appointment is the one hopeful element in a dismal situation, he has a task more difficult than it need have been because of the building schemes that have already been sanctioned. Near the east end of the cathedral two massive office blocks (one for the use of the Bank of England) stand half completed. Not only are they clumsy and commonplace as architecture, but they block the best view of St. Paul's from this direction. They have, it is true, been subjected to a height limit, but that is not an idea the present City Fathers can take credit for, since the height of buildings in the neighbourhood of the cathedral has been restricted ever since the public outcry twenty-five years ago after Faraday House had been allowed to go up so high as to obstruct the distant views of the dome from the south-west.

The only other concession the City Corporation has made to the special nature of the St. Paul's precinct is to instruct their planning officer to consult the Dean and Chapter about the architectural treatment of the new buildings round it. Though well-intentioned, this has proved a threat rather than a safeguard to the dignity of the cathedral, for the Dean and Chapter's architectural adviser, Dr. Charles Holden, is a believer in the dignity of uniformity—and neo-Georgian uniformity at that. On his advice the City planning office has been trying to persuade building owners and their architects to conform to a façade pattern set by the Ministry of Works' design for the Faraday House extension, which is to face the south side of the cathedral. They have been asked to follow the same cornice-lines and set-backs and employ the same arrangement of red brick and Portland stone; yet to ring the cathedral round with uniform façades of this kind—a policy which the appointment of Sir William Holford has been made just in time to prevent—would have been as big a crime as Mussolini's, when he laid out his execrable new approach to St. Peter's. Stone bands, cornices and set-backs have no relevance to contemporary structural methods and inflict on modern buildings a feebly reminiscent architectural character. Moreover, apart from the question of style there are strong arguments against any kind of uniformity round St. Paul's, which has always looked its best as the climax of one of those irregular urban landscapes of which London traditionally consists. To put it instead in a tidy setting of even height and identical character all round would detract from, not add to, its dignity.

It is a popular fallacy that great architecture demands formal approaches and a display of symmetry and space, which perhaps explains the confusion that has arisen over the setting of St. Paul's. For it is oversimplifying the situation to present it as a divergence of views between unenlightened City Fathers on the one hand and, on the other, public opinion eager for the right thing to be done. A large part of the public which since the war has cherished the idea of a worthier setting for St. Paul's vaguely imagines that this must involve grandly conceived avenues and piazzas, and having enjoyed the views of the cathedral that the bombing opened up, it innocently supposes that to open up the precinct still further, providing longer and more distant views, would add to its charms. It would, in fact, destroy the very qualities on which St. Paul's relies for its effect, as well as isolating it from London—when the object should be to integrate it with London more closely.

Even some of the experts have aided and abetted these popular misconceptions; witness the rhetorical pronouncements of eminent academicians, proposing great schemes in the Grand Manner which do not bear examination for a moment when related to the problem of St. Paul's, and which Sir Christopher Wren would never have countenanced, being not only a master of the Baroque but also a devoted servant of the *genius loci*.

The genius of St. Paul's lies essentially in its relation to the rest of London. It is not a monument that can be admired in isolation. Whether we look at the distant view from the river, in which the dome still floats like a bubble over the London roof-tops, or at the foreshortened glimpses of dome and colonnade, bell-tower and portico obtained through gaps between buildings or up the narrow streets that take the cathedral in enfilade, it is on the informal composition, enhanced by alternating concealment and surprise, that the design of a new setting for the cathedral must be based.

This aspect of the problem was most ably expounded in a study of the cathedral in relation to its setting in a recent issue of the *Architects' Journal*. A historical survey of the various attempts that have been made to regulate the surroundings of St. Paul's was followed by illustrations of a plan by Gordon Cullen, designed to show how the careful disposition of the neighbouring buildings could at the same time enhance its architectural qualities and furnish it with a series of surrounding spaces, varying in character from the ceremonial to the most casual, according to the role they play in the life of London.

That is one of the problems Sir William Holford is now investigating. Others are the relation of St. Paul's itself to the other old buildings in

the precinct—the Chapter House, the Deanery and the tower of St. Augustine's—and a new layout of roads; how to prevent the traffic that will pour down the City's new Route 11, north-east of the cathedral, from encumbering the precinct; whether to divert the traffic that now comes up Ludgate Hill along a widened Carter Lane, enabling the space at the top of the hill to form a pedestrian piazza, as proposed in the 1947 City plan (and by Gordon Cullen); and whether to attempt to unify the perimeter of this piazza by some consistent architectural treatment such as a ground-floor arcade. That, incidentally, need not imply the uniformity of height and wall-finish that Dr. Holden was anxious to impose; and it could become a means of demonstrating that to retain the classical principle need not mean aping the eighteenth century.

But however successfully Holford completes his task, the battle to provide the cathedral with a worthy setting will not even then have been won. Planning is a continuous process, and the carrying out of a plan has as much to do with its success as the conception. Much will depend on the architects who design the remainder of the buildings that are to go up in view of St. Paul's, on the brief they are given by their clients and on the ability of the City authorities to study every detail as a contributory part of a whole landscape picture. The present failure of reconstruction in the City is at the same time a failure of imagination in the planning and of quality in the actual building, and a glance at what has gone up already in the neighbourhood of the cathedral and elsewhere in the City is enough to suggest that a fundamental change of outlook is needed if we are going to hand down anything we can be proud of to posterity.

J. M. RICHARDS

The New Model Wehrmacht

FROM time to time Dr. Adenauer leaves Bonn and retires to Buehlerhoehe, a small spa in the Black Forest. This means the transfer of the seat of effective Government from Bonn to Buehlerhoehe. In the first half of May the Chancellor once again retired to the Black Forest. Soon after his arrival there he commanded the appearance of an endless stream of Ministers, civil servants, generals, members of Parliament and others. Within a few days of arriving at Buehlerhoehe he received what he considered to be alarming reports that London and Washington were seriously considering new solutions to the German problem, perhaps for the first time in years. And Dr. Adenauer knew that an attempt would be made at the Geneva Conference to reduce tension and to begin the ending of the cold war.

This new situation meant that the Chancellor had to act quickly and decisively. For two years, both the Bundestag and the shadow Ministry of Defence, known as the Blank office, had been working on draft legislation for the new German Army, and the Minister of Defence was convinced, right up to the beginning of May, that his Bill would be introduced this summer. Then the cold war began to thaw; the Chancellor could not wait until March, 1956, and in May he and his State Secretary, Dr. Globke, decided to hold back the draft Army Bill and to introduce instead a newly drafted Volunteers' Bill, short, general, and deliberately vague, which would give the Government plenary powers to create the new army.

On Thursday, May 26, the Cabinet passed the Volunteers' Draft Bill. This was kept secret until Saturday, May 28, which was Whit Saturday. On the Friday there was a foreign policy debate in the Bonn Parliament; the S.P.D. introduced a motion demanding a halt to all measures of German rearmament pending new negotiations with the Russians. After debate the Government majority rejected the motion by 244 to 145 votes. All members, except Cabinet Ministers, were in complete ignorance of the decision taken by the Cabinet the day before to make an immediate start with rearmament. Dr. Adenauer intervened in the debate but never even hinted at what he was about to do. He waited till Saturday, when most members of the Bundestag had left Bonn for the Whitsun holiday; and in the morning he formally introduced the Bill into the second chamber—the Federal Council of the Republic. Most German politicians had no notion of what was happening, and a number of them got their first information about the peculiar treatment that had been meted out to the German Parliament through reading the excellent reports in *The Times*.

On the Friday afternoon, after Parliament had dispersed, there was a meeting of the leaders of the Government coalition parties with the Chancellor. This was the first time that the coalition leaders, some of whom are not in the Cabinet, were presented with the text of the Volunteers' Bill. A heated discussion developed; there was no time to conclude it and so the meeting of coalition leaders was postponed until Thursday, June 2. Before adjourning, however, the coalition leaders decided to write into the Bill the limiting date of March 31, 1956, after which the measure would cease to be effective.

The political consequences of this radical change of policy were largely foreseen by the Chancellor, and he told his party to get the Bill through the Bundestag in double-quick time and certainly not later than July 18. Why did the Chancellor go to all this trouble? The answer is fairly obvious: the opening of the Geneva Conference had been fixed for July 18. Dr. Adenauer wanted to begin the build-up of his army before Geneva. This would rule out future discussion between the big Powers as to whether there should be a German Army; only its size could be the subject of future negotiations.

The contents of the Volunteers' Bill and the method of introducing it soon led to a barrage of critical voices in Bonn. It must be pointed out that opposition was not confined to the ranks of the S.P.D. but was widespread within the Christian Democratic Union and within other coalition parties. The result of all this criticism was a tug of war between the majority of members of Parliament and Dr. Adenauer. The first formal opposition showed itself in the second chamber, the Federal Council. On June 10 the Federal Council refused to approve the Volunteers' Bill in its present form. One reason was the deep suspicion of the constituent parts of the Federal Republic that they were going to be by-passed in the process of building up the new army; but both they and the members of the Bundestag felt that the democratic control of the armed forces by Parliament, promised for many years, would be imperilled.

After the meeting of the Federal Council opposition in the ranks of the Christian Democratic Union in Parliament was greatly strengthened and enlarged. The leaders of the Bavarian wing of the C.D.U. played a specially prominent part in this. The leaders of the Bavarian section were the first to produce a counter-draft which was to replace the Chancellor's original draft Bill. This Bavarian counter-draft was ready on Thursday, June 30. Most of the proposals contained in this draft were eventually accepted by the Christian Democratic Union and formed the basis of the actual Volunteers' Law that was finally passed by Parliament. This final text was hammered out in the Committee for European Security of the Bundestag in a series of meetings crowded into the week between July 6 and 14. The Chancellor compromised with members of his own party on a number of points but he always insisted that the Bill must be passed by the Bundestag on July 18.

The Volunteers' Law finally adopted by the Bundestag contained a number of additional clauses, some of them of considerable importance:

1. The number of Volunteers to be accepted under the Act was limited to 6,000.
2. The purposes for which these 6,000 may be used were limited and written into the Act.
3. The soldier's oath in the original draft was replaced by a simple declaration of loyalty to the Federal Constitution.
4. Candidates for positions in the new army who had their military career in the old Wehrmacht interrupted because of their opposition to the Nazi Regime will not suffer in this respect in the new Wehrmacht. This clause is of special significance for all those former officers who had been connected with the events of July 20, 1944.
5. The organisation of Defence in general, and especially of the top-echelon of the new Ministry of Defence, will be based upon a special law, i.e., it will *not* be set up by administrative order. Dr. Adenauer at first strenuously resisted this clause but accepted it in the end.
6. All Volunteers from the rank of colonel upwards must be approved by a personnel committee before they can be accepted. This selection committee has since been appointed and has started its work. This was the only part of the new military legislation which had the support of the Social Democrats as well as that of the coalition parties.

Opinions differ in Bonn on the contribution that this personnel committee will be able to make. Some hold that it will ensure a new officers' corps who will be loyal to republican institutions and that it will prevent the return of the militarists into the armed forces. Others are more sceptical: They believe that the committee will merely prevent prominent Nazis like ex-General Remer from entering the new army. It will not be able to prevent the influx of all those senior officers who owed their career to Hitler and remained loyal to him to the end and, indeed, beyond the end. Most of these have been cautiously quiet since 1945 but they have not changed. If the second view is correct, then the committee could serve as a cover behind which the spirit of the old Wehrmacht might be handed on to the new German Army.

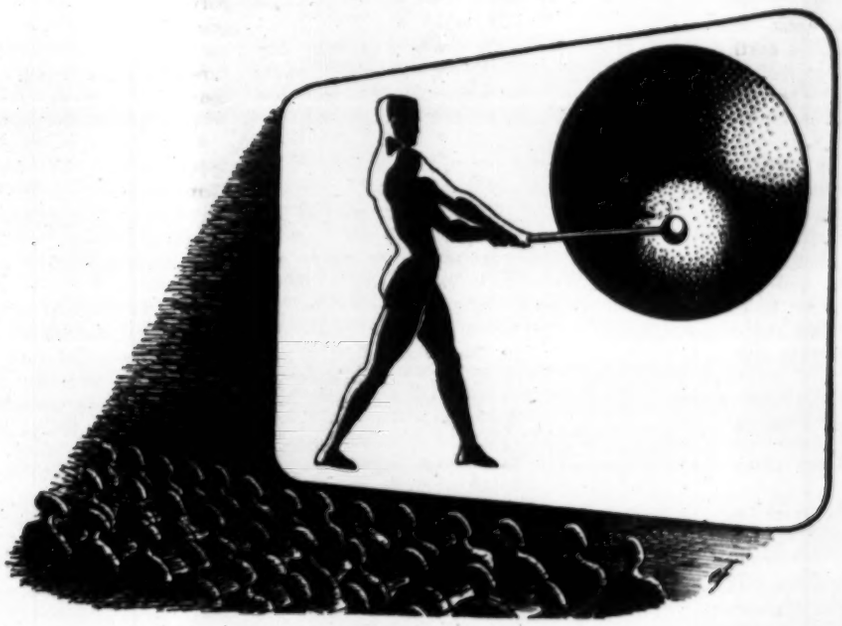
J. MENDELSON

NEXT WEEK

King-Emperor & Wild Tribes

The first article in an important series on the new Burma
by DOROTHY WOODMAN

Sir Harold Nicolson's "Good Behaviour"
reviewed by V. S. PRITCHETT



The Man-with-the-Gong is a Symbol...

... of every aim and every achievement of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation. It means that we welcome the opportunity which exists in Britain to adventure into commerce—with a target whose attainment must be good for the country and good for all whose interests or whose work is with the Organisation.

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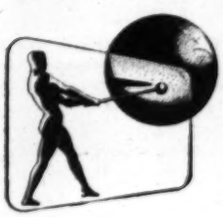

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The Mendicant is Worthy

AJIT had been a very presentable young man of wealthy, pro-Western parents who had sent him off to school in England at a miserably early age; so that by the time he was being sent down from Oxford, the war was just starting and, fortunately for him, justified his hanging around London, eternally wiring home for funds, pretending it was impossible to get a passage back. He did eventually return, and flying-bomb stories were his party-piece—noises, actions and all—although he had been evacuated to Windermere with the office he licked stamps for. His parents were overjoyed to see him and commiserated embarrassingly with him for getting stuck abroad in war-time when he might have enjoyed all the comforts of home, if it hadn't been for all those unsympathetic, unhelpful shipping people. (Naturally, he made it sound as if a large slab of his life had been spent queueing all night, blitz or no blitz, grovelling before P. & O. commissionaires, begging them to add his name to the lists.) As for High Commissioners, well—it was unbearable to think what they got paid for, when they seemed to make no attempts whatever to repatriate their curry-starved exiles. Oh! those ghastly toad-in-the-holes, he said, and the eternal rhubarb-and-custard he had been forced to swallow in the most awful digs while he dreamed of home and the life his family was living!

It all sounded most reproachful. The family felt they could never make it up to him for all he had suffered Doing His Bit in wartime. The last thing they wanted to do was to rush him into a job. He needed time to become acclimatised to comfort.

As for marriage, luckily there were still some royal girls from minor States about, who were being promised the last of the enormous, worthwhile dowries. Yet he seemed irritable when they showed him photographs, and they reluctantly agreed it might not be quite fair to any young girl to marry him when his nerves were still so war-shocked. Besides, there was always the danger these days, with even good class girls going to universities, that she might become independent and take her dowry home again!

Ajit was a great success at parties, bowing easily over departing, ex-governing hands, regaled with invitations to stay when he returned to England—for it seemed inconceivable at that time that anyone nice would ever want to *stay* in India. He hung about Delhi for a while, uncertain as to his ultimate vocation. He thought he might like to write, but never made a start. He dabbled leisurely and elegantly in abstract paintings and bestowed them with grace on reluctant friends. He even gave a one-man show, but the *Times of India* man was quite bitter about it; and, as Ajit's father said, "What can you expect when the whole country is being overrun by artisans?" The idea of his entering some sort of business repelled his parents. Society had fallen to pieces and there was simply no fit place for a sensitive, well-bred young man, with the whole country going terribly, sickeningly Socialist.

It was about this time I had to meet him several times at Bombay Central. After he had piled his luggage all over the back seats—it was too beautiful (crocodile) to go in the boot with oily rags and petrol cans and the jack—there was never much room for me to sit; and I always associate his visits with bruises in unmentionable places and his weary anticipation of the girls his father had sent him down to inspect. (They were being forced to consider business people these days. All the nice girls had been snapped up by dreadful nobodies in the Services who were dangling quick promotion in their fathers' faces.) Ajit was always bored with Bombay. "Let's get off this bloody station," he would say, "and look at all these dreary, dreary girls. Really, one sickens for Paris sometimes!" (He had spent a week there before he sailed). "I feel as though life elsewhere is suspended until I return to it."

One afternoon I sat playing through *Faust* on the gramophone. At that time I thought Mephistopheles one of the world's most charming men, and I remember feeling that Marguerita was wasting her time on that insipid Faust when a supercharmer like Mephistopheles was hanging around. The noise was reverberating round the concrete block in which we lived, and I seemed to have the whole of sleeping Bombay to myself, except, no doubt, for some earnest lady-missionaries at the other end of the town, for even the chauffeurs were sound asleep in the backs of their cars, when I happened to look out of the window and see Ajit striding across the gardens in an athletic manner quite foreign to his usual bored, party shuffle "Wonderful, wonderful news!" he shouted out of the lift as his head reached my floor. "Glorious day! Connie arrives tomorrow on the *Jal-Jawahar*!"

Connie, he told me later, was a simply fascinating girl he had met in London once at someone's party. I must have noticed, he said, that when he went around looking at his father's girls, his heart hadn't been in it, and no wonder, for he had been pining away for Connie's witticisms and the beauty which put all other women in the shade. This was rather hurtful, of course; but to know that he had been capable of a secret passion and had suffered in silence for so long mitigated my momentary dislike of him. Apparently she had had him on a string for two years, disdaining to correspond earnestly or even to visit India at his (or rather his father's) expense. Now, suddenly, she wanted to come to him, and he had sent his London bank instructions to let her draw up to some fabulous sum, and she would be here tomorrow. I naturally wanted to know more about a woman whose tactics seemed so enviably sophisticated, but he could only produce a small, grey snapshot of someone standing bolt upright in a back garden near a clothes-line. "It doesn't do her justice, of course," he said, as he patted it back into his pocketbook. "You'll see her tomorrow. I'm bringing her to lunch."

"By the way," he said, as the bearer shut him in the lift, "she loathes soup. Do try and make up a passable *hors d'oeuvre*."

I can only say that if some women look like poems, as some men claim, Connie looked like a barrack-room ballad. True, she preferred *hors d'oeuvre* to soup, which she evidently considered rather refined of her, and she professed to abhor custard and gravy and other prefabricated foods. She embarrassed Ajit, when he introduced us, by remaining seated on the sofa with her compact open before rather piggy eyes, licking her forefinger and wiping it over her eyebrows. She said "Hi," and waved the finger at me. She must have weighed 14 stone, if an ounce, all squeezed into a pleated linen suit with cottons dangling from the hem. She had been reproaching him, I heard, with the savage climate that had made her feet swell and get so sticky that they had picked up all the filth. She also kept referring to "you natives," which seemed to make Ajit uncomfortable. He said that in fairness to her he planned to take her on a train-tour of India first (he had booked her carriage and hired an ayah to pick up her clothes) before they went to Delhi to meet his parents and name the happy day. I saw them off for Madras and promised to meet them there when they arrived from Poona.

When the day came, the passengers from Poona were a long time disembarking; and Connie came disdainfully through the luggage and the recumbent passengers on the ground, a good fifty yards ahead of Ajit, who was attempting little runs, holding her oddments of hand luggage. "How was it?" I asked her. "Horrible," she said. When Ajit reached us she arched her eyebrows at him like an English waitress and went off to buy chewing-gum. "What have you been doing?" I asked; "attacking her?" "How *could* you!" he said sharply. "She has been through absolute hell in that blasted train. Every time she turned her wash-basin tap on the shower sprayed her. I shall complain, of course. She is quite right, India *has* gone down. The sooner I get her to Delhi and civilisation, the better. I have booked through tonight."

I expected a postcard at least, or a shattered piece of wedding-cake in a small box, but I never heard anything more from them. Two years passed, and when I thought of Ajit I automatically pictured him repulsing massive, dribbling infants and smiling sickly up at Connie. I had gone to the station bookstall one day looking for the NEW STATESMAN. Out of the corner of my eye I could see a railway spiv, wild-haired, turning on the easy tears that would accompany the old story of stolen luggage, lost ticket, and the touch for eight annas for a cup of coffee. "Hello," said Ajit through his filth, undismayed at my evident confusion at being seen chatting amiably to a station beggar. "Long time no see. Let's go and natter over a cup of coffee." He offered me quite a good cigarette from his shirt pocket; and, as he lit it, the match fell on to the skin on his

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coffee, and he dipped in a grimy finger and thumb and fished the whole lot out. I asked, "Is this a joke?"; but it was evidently not. "Where's Connie? Did she drive you mad?" "Oh, in a way," he said carelessly, screwing round and looking out the window for likely touches. "She got married two days after we got to Delhi. Some bloody chap in Associated Cement. I thought she was jolly eager to come out all of a sudden. Anyway, that's old stuff. What's new?"

He left half-an-anna tip, paying the bill with one of a bundle of five-rupee notes. I saw him eyeing an American tourist in a blond poplin suit, slung all about with camera gadgets, and knew he was longing to be about his business.

"You look as though you could do with a bath," I said.

"Stock in trade, my dear," he replied. "I suppose you couldn't spare a couple of rupees. Just to reimburse me for the coffee."

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"The mendicant is always worthy," he said, as he began to grimace his face into desperation for the American's benefit.

About six months later, in the course of his operations, he met and married a French nun from whom he had borrowed a piece of "Elastoplast" for a blister on his foot. Their parties are renowned for her glorious food. Needless to say, they live happily ever after.

RANI SINHA

The Edinburgh Festival

I—Music

DRIVING into Scotland's capital through the limbo of a wet Sunday evening, you might have wondered whether a great cosmopolitan Festival had really begun that very day. A drink? Every pub is shut. A meal? Raymond Postgate's invaluable *Good Food Guide* lists eight restaurants in the central area of Edinburgh, adding against five of them "closed Sundays"; the other three are closed too. Notwithstanding the Scottish politeness that charms every visitor, no one will budge an inch in such questions, or admit that the sudden three weeks' influx of tens of thousands of people from all over the world demands the smallest temporary relaxation of local austerity. Every entertainment in the city, each seemingly crammed to the doors, ends at ten—at the very moment when every pub shuts. For the innumerable festival-goers who want to exchange impressions over a drink, there is just one solution, the Festival Club, which is in consequence horribly overcrowded. Well, we may be thankful, I suppose, that the Festival does not take place in some still more northerly outpost of civilisation. In Oban, for instance—which possesses a huge and astonishing unfinished Colosseum perched on top of a hill, the very thing for the next Tyrone Guthrie production—you are forced to finish your last drink at 9.30, and if you express a mild surprise to the barmaid, she explains with a winning smile: "You see, it's the summer extension; in the winter we close at nine". *Ultima Thule!*

It says much for the quality of the entertainment offered that we take these absurdities in our stride. Edinburgh remains a World's Fair of artistic talent. Not very adventurous, certainly: now that the Festival's popularity is unassailable, it might perhaps open the door a little more widely to unfamiliar music and fresh performers. How often, in these nine years, has new talent been unearthed? The recitals, this year, are just the impeccable choice we would expect, with Fischer-Dieskau and Souzay, Kirkpatrick and Rosalyn Tureck. Splendid; but was there no space for even one relatively new name? for Margot Guilleaume, say, or Leslie Chabay, or that Norwegian lady whose name I forget but who was said by *The Times* to be a new Kirsten Flagstad? Then, having engaged two of the world's leading orchestras, the Berlin Philharmonic and the New York Philharmonic Symphony, the organisers have played safe, uncommonly safe, with their programmes. However much we may admire Brahms, it is a surprise to find no fewer than three of his symphonies and one concerto within the six programmes of the New Yorkers—and this to the virtual exclusion of American music. In this field we are promised the inevitable Barber *Adagio*, Morton Gould's *Showpiece for Orchestra* and—the solitary major item—Copland's impressive Third Symphony. An opportunity has here been missed. That we are disgracefully ignorant of the vital and varied currents of American music is brought home to us by an admirable new issue of *The Score* devoted wholly to American composers: according to the computation of the editor, William Glock, "during the four years from 1950 to 1953 the Third Programme devoted just slightly more time to the whole of American music than to Poulenc alone".

The Edinburgh programmes of the Berliners have been slightly more enterprising, though they got off to a bad start with the César Franck symphony—and were paid out, I hear, for so inappropriate a choice by a sad evening of snapping strings and out-of-tune wind under the torrid glare of the television arc lamps. By Thursday, when I first heard them, this fine orchestra was partially back in form: not wholly, because Hindemith, who conducted, secured only a fuzzy performance of Brahms's *Haydn Variations*; but two of his own works, the *Concert Music for Brass and Strings* of 1930 and the Cello Concerto of 1940, were admirably played. The latter piece, in which the solo part was eloquently delivered by Enrico Mainardi, offered us, in the two outer movements, the familiar exhilaration of contact with an alert and agile musical mind perfectly in control of its functioning: the harmony was interesting and purposeful, the texture spare, the workmanship assured. In the beautiful central movement a further dimension, that gleam of poetry which often eludes Hindemith, was felt; more especially towards the end, where the fascination of two simultaneous layers of musical material, each preserving its own pulse, which is a recurrent feature of his style, was turned to richly poetic account.

The surprise of the first week—an adventurous choice, a scintillating performance and a rapturous reception—was the Second Piano Concerto of Bartok as played by Geza Anda with the Berlin Philharmonic under Joseph Keilberth. This work, written in 1931, has the reputation of extreme inaccessibility, for player and listener alike. Anda's masterly playing showed that, the pianist's fiendish problems once mastered, the listener's task is not only easy but positively delightful: the sound, both of piano and orchestra, was always distinct, delicate and beautiful; the construction, though unfamiliar, by no means obscure. I shall be surprised if Anda's superlative performance does not result in this splendid concerto's taking its long-denied place among the masterpieces of modern music. Next night, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau appeared with the same orchestra and conductor in a strangely planned programme which laid two song cycles side by side. In Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* Keilberth's insensitive and unidiomatic accompanying was unworthy of, and occasionally obscured, the baritone's marvellously warm, subtle and penetrating interpretation; in Frank Martin's *Six Monologues from Jedermann* the singer was no less impressive, and made us feel what a wonderful Hans Sachs he is surely destined one day to become. The music, searching and imaginative,

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matches the quality of Hofmannsthal's words; but the sequence of monologues, some quite short, does not make a satisfactory whole, and we are left wondering that Martin, or some other composer of comparable gifts, has not attempted a full-scale setting of this text.

The Danish Ballet have been packing the huge Empire Theatre with their poetic Taglioni piece, *La Sylphide*, and with their captivating *Napoli*, both well known in London. Of the novelties, there was a piece of ineffective eighteenth-century pastiche in *Capricious Lucinda*, with music by Jersild, and Ashton's new realisation of Prokofiev's full-length *Romeo and Juliet*. The latter was more successful than I had dared to hope. The score, for all its professional skill and charm, no more than plays at the emotions of anger, solemnity and passion; and there are obvious prosaic pitfalls in dancing, to music so heartless, a story which is all heart and humanity and lacks any component of fantasy or magic. Ashton avoided these pitfalls with extraordiary tact; if the result cannot be called an original work of art, it was invariably apt, clear and graceful, and it yielded some scenes of memorable beauty.

Glyndebourne's contribution to the Festival consists of a *Forza del Destino* which is still ahead as I write, a *Barbiere* straight from Sussex and a *Falstaff* which will doubtless arrive there in 1957, after the world has recovered from the non-stop Mozartian debauches occasioned by next year's bicentenary. Verdi's sublime comedy, one of the most difficult of repertory operas, is obviously made for Glyndebourne, and this is certainly the best performance seen in Britain for decades. That, of course, is not very high praise, despite Sadler's Wells and the Cambridge Theatre, and notwithstanding the unforgettably personal flavour of Mariano Stabile's Knight. But this *Falstaff*, though hardly competing in sheer brilliance and attack with the recorded Toscanini performance (or with those which he conducted at Salzburg before the war), was musically and dramatically very distinguished. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra played exquisitely for Carlo Maria Giulini, and I have no doubt that the stage ensemble has improved since the first night. Osbert Lancaster's sets wisely avoided fantastication of this most earthy fable; but his natural aversion from anything Tudor got into the Windsor exteriors and interiors of his first two acts and made them unreasonably hideous. In the last act he recovered himself, and produced two charming scenes full of atmospheric feeling; Carl Ebert's handling, moreover, of the Windsor Forest conclusion was by far the happiest I have ever seen. In general, his production was admirable: humorous, clear and easy without fussiness; his only failure was the Nanetta of Eugenia Ratti, a tall girl who was made to cavort around and stamp her feet and generally fuss so much that little of Shakespeare's "sweet Anne Page" was visible, and it was hard, at first, to do justice to her singing, which in the last scene was quite beautiful. She was well partnered by the Fenton of Juan Oncina. Of the other women, the best was the Mrs. Quickly of Oralia Dominguez; Fernanda Cadoni's Mrs. Page was always liable to edge out of the picture, and the Mrs. Ford of Anna Maria Rovere, though perfectly adequate, sprang no charming surprises on us. The weakest member of the cast was the Ford of Walter Monachesi, deputising at short notice for Geraint Evans, who had found the music to lie rather high for him; by far the strongest the Falstaff of Fernando Corena. The latter is destined, I should say, to succeed Stabile as the standard Falstaff of our day. Ripe, assured, comical, very various in gesture, vocal colour and intonation, missing none of the innumerable points, on excellent terms with the audience, Corena is moreover a real singer, with the solid volume to make a splendid outburst of "Caro Signor Fontana!" and the delicacy and lightness of utterance to give us such a "Quand ero paggio" has made us long for the wicked old days when we could have demanded an encore.

Next week I hope to write of various recitals and chamber concerts and of *La Forza del Destino*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

II—Drama

THE Edinburgh Festival has always been weakest on its dramatic side. There is, each year, the specially commissioned Festival play, and several of them have been notable. There is the now customary visit of the Old Vic; and this is doubtless an attraction for foreigners and Northerners, but it is hardly a lure for Southerners who can see the same company in the same play at their own theatre (as I shall be content to do) a fortnight later. Then there is (but only in the last week) a French company—this year to be led by Mlle Edwige Feuillère who also is promised to London directly after Edinburgh. That is the whole of the limited official effort. It is not enough.

Hence "The Fringe," the little advanced guard of theatrical squatters who from the beginning seized such opportunities as the small theatres and halls of the City provide to ensure that their new plays and fresh productions should be seen. They were clever as well as brave, for from the first they were better covered by the press than they had ever been before, the dramatic critics being at the beginning the most under-employed section of the critical community. If the old problems of lack of money and of suitable buildings is what prevents the Festival authorities from making something more adventurous out of their dramatic side—getting more companies from the Continent, producing more things that are to be seen nowhere else—then The Fringe (officially recognised now by that name at least) may provide the new director of the Festival with hints of how to improve things.

For here in potential is the material for a real dramatic festival. But only as yet in potential. It would be agreeable to be able to follow up the argument by reporting that the Fringe programme was much better than the official one. But it is not. Several new plays are offered. But none of them (unless I have missed one) is strikingly good. One can see on the Fringe plenty of bad acting and conventional production. Yet it is true that the only real acting experience of the Festival does come from the Fringe—Miss Sonia Dresdel's man-eating Hedda Gabler; while the production of *Periphery* for the Oxford Theatre Group challenges Mr. Guthrie's at the Assembly Hall for the position of the most interesting to be seen here. A little official planning of the allotment of the available space and an intelligent effort to persuade other comparable actresses, actors and other groups to Edinburgh could double the interest of the dramatic side. Thus, Miss Dresdel is a tigress of a Hedda. She is perhaps the only actress who could bear the comparison with Miss Peggy Ashcroft, but at the little Y.M.C.A. theatre she is a tigress pacing too constricted a stage. Since someone here (unlike anyone in London) had the wits to give the public the treat of seeing her, she might have been given a bigger theatre. Even as it is, she is one of the big draws, and rightly so. Well enough supported by the Frazer Neal players, she is, quite simply, masterly. There are other actors and actresses equally neglected by the blind and deaf moguls of Shaftesbury Avenue. Intelligent planning could take a hint from Miss Dresdel's success, and lure them up next year in suitable plays.

Then it forcibly strikes me after seeing the production in the round of *Periphery* at the tiny Riddle's Court that for quite half the little theatre events, the open stage is infinitely more suitable in every way. It is indeed the only way in which to use limited space effectively; and I am now convinced that the salvation of the moribund Little Theatre movement is at hand and will come from the development of the open stage.

Several of the Fringe productions would have been better on the open stage than in the narrow cramped conditions of the miniature proscenium. Even *The World's Wonder*, the one essentially Scottish contribution which enjoyed the apparent advantage of a normal sized theatre at the

Palladium, would, I think, have benefited by this treatment. It is a play in rough verse with lyric moments about a good warlock who rescues young love from its greedy and wicked elders, and its unconventional form would have found freer expression in the round. Mr. Alexander Reid is a promising author, but he writes in too broad a Doric for me to catch more than half of him. I should have caught more if the play had been set in the middle of us; and I should have liked to have had closer acquaintance with that engaging Scottish comedian, Duncan Macrae, and with Roddy Macmillan, too.

The best of the new plays that I have seen, *Act of Madness*, would not go so well in the round. This takes on the difficult subject of an imaginary Dictator State and an attempted assassination of the Leader by a muddled pair of young innocents. The play is presented by The New Drama Group—a company specially "established to encourage the writing of new plays, and, by their presentation, to further the development of new authors." Admirable object! And if *Act of Madness* is only a near miss, Mr. John Wiles certainly deserves the encouragement they have given him. He writes good parts and good dialogue and his play is alive with action. But I wonder whether he wouldn't have been helped to snap out of a certain conventionality of approach if it had been the open stage that he had had to write for.

There is a general agreement on the brilliance of Mr. Patrick Dromgoole's production of *Periphery* for the Oxford Theatre Group. But some have been dubious about his choice of play. *Periphery* is thoroughly central European of the Twenties—*echt Deutsch*, in fact. Set in the seedy underworld of the city, it is that play about the young man falling for the tart, murdering one of her clients, and getting away with it, but later finding himself able—the logic of this is rather less clear to the reasonable English—to get the murder off his conscience only by committing another. Perhaps, though it has its moments, it is not very much of a play, but I applaud the choice. It gives the producer (and his designer, Michael Richardson) great chances for creating atmosphere; but, as well, the idiom, which is more or less that of the contemporary cinema, is particularly well suited to inexperienced actors. Elizabethan or indeed verse drama of any kind (as we see when the Dublin students bravely attempt Yeats at the Lauriston Hall) demands a control and a style which come only from greater professional experience. *Periphery* goes a little slower than its texture merits, but the Oxford Theatre Group can congratulate themselves on having achieved the most interesting experiment of the Festival.

And I do not exclude from that judgment the specially commissioned Festival play *A Life in the Sun*. This is the second year running that Mr. Thornton Wilder has supplied the Festival play, and I hope it will not be thought unduly nationalistic to regret that an author from this side of the Atlantic was not chosen this year. But perhaps they would not oblige. Surely the Festival Society must have approached Mr. J. B. Priestley, Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Sean O'Casey, Mr. Christopher Fry, Mr. Peter Ustinov, Mr. Roger MacDougal, Mr. Dennis Cannan, Mr. John Whiting. And if they all turned them down, Mr. Wilder was a good choice. The play was to be written for the vast open stage of the Assembly Hall, and Mr. Wilder is a playwright who likes to cut across the stage conventions, and enjoys bringing his characters into direct communication with his audience.

Mr. Wilder is a sort of American Barrie. He has the supreme gift Barrie had of instantly winning the belief of his audience for his fantasy; he has a friendly sentimentality as whimsical as Barrie's, and a line of simple philosophy which differs from Barrie's only in being characteristically American. This is a splendid equipment for a playwright, but it is not by itself the equipment for the big subject, and unfortunately Mr. Wilder has thought the Festival play an occasion for the big subject, the very big subject. He tells us in a programme note that:

> On one level my play recounts the life of a woman—of many women—from bewildered bride to sorely tested wife to overburdened old age . . . on another level it is a wildly romantic story of gods and men, of death and hell and resurrection, of great loves and great trials, of usurpation and revenge. On another level [note here the Barrie touch], however, it is a comedy about a very earnest matter.

And then "following some meditations of Soren Kierkegaard," he concludes, "Yet I am aware of other levels, and perhaps deeper ones that will only become apparent to me later." Mr. Wilder takes the story of Alcestis and Admetus and several myths related to it, and uses these as an excuse for tackling the great profundities, God, Death, Love, Sacrifice, Choice, Communication, to mention but a few. In short he takes on the Universe, and not surprisingly the Universe resoundingly defeats him.

A Life in the Sun is, as a whole, a great old boring muddle, but it does, of course, contain many incidental excellencies. It is well adapted to the stage of the Assembly Hall, and his scheme does give Mr. Tyrone Guthrie the producer many chances, and Mr. Guthrie is our leading exponent of this kind of theatre. There is a beautiful ending to the second act where the descent of Hercules into Hades is enacted in dumb show; the crowd chorus scenes are, as always in Mr. Guthrie's work, superbly stage-managed; there is a theatrically exciting duologue between Alcestis and Admetus, in which she draws out the fatal illness that is killing him and takes it into herself. At least two of the subsidiary characters are interesting creations, the hearty good-natured Hercules and the half-mad, tiresome old Teiresias (excellently played respectively by Rupert Davis and Geoffrey Dunn). But apart from the general woolliness of the larger intentions, Mr. Wilder has quite failed to make anything of his chief figure, Alcestis; and Miss Irene Worth, for all her intensity and effort, cannot capture our interest for her. The play finally stuns us with the boredom of banality delivered with all the intensity appropriate to profundity. We are left splashing in the formless ooze of the great unanswerables, which gets us nowhere. As Mr. Auden once remarked: "To ask the hard question is simple."

T. C. WORSLEY

Shakespeherian Rag

THAT pun struck to the heart. In *The Forger*, a Home Service squib—a sizable one, for it ran the exact hour—Edward Hyams had a go at *O O O that Shakespeherian Rag*. His point, not very new, was that the Shakesperean syndicate wrote in such a personal and imitable style that it should be easy for a slick playwright, given certain circumstances which Mr. Hyams then provides, to forge a play with the master's fingerprints so clear on it that it would go into the repertory a good deal faster than *Titus Andronicus*.

He, and we, had fun following the idea through to the big moment of the first night at Stratford (though it was a pity he forgot to give us any rounded characters: the syndicate would have remembered that). Naturally, there is a moral (dubious) that in these days no one will let the poor playwright attempt verse tragedy in his own person, to which is added a rider on the nature of tragedy and the spirit of the age.

Mr. Hyams's squib crackled a little uncomfortably behind the screen in the TV version of *Romeo and Juliet*. This had been adapted by Dallas Bower who pioneered for the Olivier film of *Henry V*. *Romeo and Juliet* was a pioneering job too. One approached it with apprehension. Of theatre productions I remember a scene or two here and there, but never a satisfactory whole. And as we turned to the little screen, here was Mr. Hyams grinning at us from the Home Service. It is too easy for the satirist to heap it all on the point of a pun. Mr. Hyams's point is simply what bad stuff the syndicate can turn out. And once you start listening for it, the pun never seems to stop.

> I am not I if there be such an I
> Of those eyes shut that make thee answer "I".
> If he be slain say "I" . . . .

The syndicate parodies itself pretty vigorously in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Intimacy and immediacy are the words people use of television. Here was immediacy all right: three fluffs big enough to kill everything round them for half a minute each. We sat there knowing what we had to go through: the anticipated embarrassment of the balcony, and the long soliloquies, and Nurse going on and on. . . .

The syndicate won just the same. Not the victory you'd expect, perhaps this was something to do with the intimacy. The gang fights, for all the Wardour Street costumes, began to feel like an argument of Teddy Boys, Kentish against Camden Town. Flora Robson's Nurse had the idea of going on and on in a half audible mutter, talking mostly to herself. It was odd and it devastatingly worked. The syndicate was clever in anticipating the needs of the small screen, so extra careful in its tiny, superficial motivations. For instance, our slick playwright, Mr. Hyams's Gerald Hendry, might have thought it enough to cover the point that no message had reached Romeo from Friar Lawrence with the couple of lines between Romeo and Balthasar in Mantua. They plant the point adequately. But the syndicate knows it has to do better; the knot has to be double tied. So we have Friar John's explanation later, how he was shut in the plague-infected house and prevented from getting a message either forward or back. There we are—both possibilities are covered. At the end of this scene Friar John is sent off to get a crowbar to break into Juliet's tomb, thereby setting the claustrophobic effect for Juliet's coming soliloquy in the tomb—

simple device worth good money to a TV writer. There are plenty more: for instance the business of Juliet's bullying of the nurse not to sleep in her room on sleeping-draught night—the sort of detail the thriller writer and the small screen has to insist on, and the Victorian poetic genius would forget about.

All business and no drama? On the contrary, "the spirit kills, the letter giveth life." Intimacy emphasises these *minutiae* and—there!—the syndicate knew beforehand. What is more, the embarrassments I confidently expected from the love-scenes and Juliet's soliloquies failed to arrive, mainly because of Virginia McKenna's Juliet, a subdued but remarkable performance with moments of beauty.

MONTAGU SLATER

The Birth of the Moulin Rouge

"French Can-Can," at the Cameo-Poly
"The Deep Blue Sea," at the Carlton

Romanticism came late to the cities; perhaps because it had been there always, endemic, and needed no vision such as discovered mountains and seas. The Londoner has always known the romance of twilight, walked among ghosts in an earlier London, thrilled to the pastoral significance of street names, caught up elegance, sex, catastrophe, gossip, old stone or brick into a metropolitan dream. So has done the inhabitant of every other great city, each with a difference: Vienna, Rome, Moscow, Constantinople, and hardly less New York and Berlin—all thrive rather by legend than by guide-book. Paris, perhaps, most of all. In the world at large, one might say, Paris is the legend for those who lack or are dissatisfied with one. Thus it can harbour both the most profound and the shallowest of dreams. There a Strindberg may bury his lunacy, a Van Gogh set off on his discovery of light and colour, a Baudelaire equate problems of multitude and solitude, a Lautrec raise the brothels to eternity. We are, as they say, getting warm. Pierre Renoir's *French Can-Can* has a Lautreckish time and place. It envisages the birth of Montmartre; the can-can revives, the little clambering streets are alive with children and markets, lovers couch on an almost rustic hill-top, fashion is caught up from the boulevards below, from the doubting Thomases of the high *terrasse;* and if Lautrec himself isn't there, that is because he "paints in absinthe," whereas Renoir films in delicious fruit-cup. I don't think one ought to exaggerate the potency of *French Can-Can*; but at the same time I am perfectly sure that it is, within the cheerful, delicate, lackadaisical framework, a celebration of enjoyment that is also a work of art.

One reason why Lautrec doesn't, couldn't, collaborate is that he was grabbed, effectively if crudely, in *Moulin Rouge*. This is a sort of recoil, a flying off: how the Moulin Rouge might have started, how Paris was (or might be), how colour should have been, how that much photographed riot the can-can must, frothingly, outrageously, prettily, splittingly, uproariously surpass all other explosions of gaiety. Houston in *Moulin Rouge* started with his: breath-taking enough. Renoir ends with it, and ends superbly, exhaustingly, but quite superseding the other, and imprinting its movement on us forever.

In recent films Renoir has used the meandering, sensuously fulfilling, method. Fidget for plot, and you'll be disappointed; but take things as they come, and there's a pleasure, lesser but more varied than Chekhov's. We had the Ganges, the temple steps on the broad river, the games of children in gardens, and mixed races in cool sitting-rooms; then the mingling of art and life in a Commedia dell' Arte dumped in South America; now, the ideal Paris music-hall. Ideal it is. Jean Gabin works his way, as an impresario of genius and charm (the two rarely go together), from the booths and clubs of the flat up to the dreamed-of hill. He loves girls, and what he can make of them; they burst into his studio like a rugger-scrum; a jealous queen of song (Maria Felix) tries to tear them limb from limb, and—superb on sofas—she will show herself no less Homeric at any opening occasion; the bailiff will intrude on love scenes and business hopes; a Persian prince will love the principal dancer (Françoise Arnoul), and though softly rejected, stump up the money; and all through, in the first crude flourishes, in rehearsal, in despair and triumph, we shall see the can-can.

The Deep Blue Sea brings a Rattigan play—obviously a play and obviously good—to the screen. A judge's wife, demeaning with a seedy pilot, has tried to gas herself. It is very sad, and mildly exciting, but what we are most impressed by is the distinction of all concerned. Never can a judge's fled wife have been lovelier or wistfuller than Vivien Leigh; the judge is Emlyn Williams; the boozy R.A.F. type is Kenneth More (the only one to escape theatrical grandeur); even the obliging bookie is Eric Portman, whose dark spectacles may make him less Portman but no more a bookie. The dreadful slum to which Miss Leigh has banished herself is that most sought-after part of the Embankment looking across at Battersea. There is a wonderful chase of all the characters in a Wardour Street Soho. The whole thing, in fact, is toney, unreal, but quite enjoyable.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Dead on Nine," at the Westminster Theatre

Mr. Jack Popplewell makes a bold and almost successful attempt to construct a thriller to bear comparison with the Mistress. But *Dead on Nine*, painstakingly arranged, painfully, almost psychologically, involved and inverted, lacks the divine spark that would gain a tight smile of acknowledgement from Miss Christie. The author, overconscious of the necessity of that extra turn of the screw, has busied himself in tying in his plot some of the most intricate knots since the last Scouts' World Jamboree. This, to the critic, is frankly pleasing since it absolves him completely from attempting to expound the plot, except to say that the play starts with an indifferent playwright, married to a rich unloving wife, discussing with his secretary (his mistress, and pregnant at that) the least conspicuous way of murdering his wife. Another character is the straight-limbed Canadian soon, clearly, to be the wife's lover, and the "gimmick" is the inclusion, as confidant, alibi-provider, and clairvoyant, of a Scotland Yard "chappie." But in all the plot-weaving Mr. Popplewell has had to forgo characterisation. And when the writing slackens halfway through, and the scene-curtains cease to fall like pistol shots, the actors are left to pump genuine emotion-plasma into ventriloquists' dummies of singular nastiness. This, to their credit, they do well. Mr. Griffith Jones acts realistically frenzied life into the playwright, and Miss Hy Hazell bounds another couple of steps up the dramatic ladder as the wife. The young lover is lithely played by Mr. Maurice Kaufmann, while Mr. Andrew Cruickshank's detective is as much the embodiment of fulsome evil as any of his "catches."

M. C.

Correspondence

GOLD COAST CONSTITUTION

SIR,—Nothing could be fairer for an independent constitutional expert to come over to the Gold Coast to examine and discuss with "all sides" the various constitutional proposals put forward by different bodies, as you recently suggested.

Unfortunately the Gold Coast Government has expressed itself opposed to any suggestion for the calling into being of a body on the constitution, representative of all sides, *before* independence. It claims that the present Legislative Assembly is competent to determine all constitutional questions.

The Traditional Authorities which, under the 1950 Coussey Constitution, had a place in the Assembly were eliminated from it under the 1954 (Nkrumah) Constitution. The commercial and mining interests which claim that their "side" should also be heard were eliminated from the Assembly by the 1954 Constitution. Above all, the considerable swing of intelligent public support from the C.P.P. to the N.L.M. since the last general election is not reflected in the present Assembly.

For nearly a year quite a number of Ashanti M.L.A.s have been unable to enter their constituencies. The two Assembly members for Kumasi, one an Ashanti, the other a Fanti, have not seen the capital of Ashanti, during that long period. Both are Ministers in the present Government.

Actually, the 1954 Assembly was not elected for the purpose of creating a constitution for an independent Gold Coast. It was elected as a temporary legislature to await, before independence, the settlement of two questions: The Togoland question and

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

a fair deal for the expatriates in the public service. The type of constitution under which an independent Gold Coast should be governed was not brought before the electorate during the general election.

The case of the Liberation Group—i.e., the N.L.M. and its allies in the North, Togoland and the Colony, opposed to the C.P.P.—is that the Queen's Message to the Assembly having made it clear that the next stage is independence, the time has amply arrived for a body, i.e., a Constituent Assembly, to which "all sides" could send representatives, to be called into being to determine the form and structure of the constitution under which, when the Gold Coast sheds its "colonial" status and enters the status of an international sovereign State, it shall live.

Surely, "a firm guarantee" by the present Prime Minister that "a general election will be held within six months of the coming of independence" must rest on the assumption that there will have been drawn up a constitution for independence.

Surely, in the Gold Coast the simple constitutional equation requires that, once the 1954 constitution upon which the present Assembly rests is repealed, the Assembly, which rests upon it, must lose its legal status. The Government based upon it will also have lost any right to continue to govern under it. A personal "guarantee" by a Prime Minister appointed under a repealed constitution will have little meaning if he is *functus officio*.

The Gold Coast is in the unfortunate position that no one so far knows what is likely to be contained in the Independent Act, if and when it is passed by the United Kingdom Parliament. No comprehensive proposals, except the recent proposals by the N.L.M. group, have ever been placed before the people and their Chiefs.

Surely the Gold Coast is entitled to its own home-made constitution. And, surely, the best approach to that is for the Government of the Gold Coast to make way for a Constituent Assembly or a constitutional Convention to be called as early as possible in anticipation of the Independence Act for the Gold Coast to be passed in 1956 by the British Parliament.

One welcomes the suggestion by the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for a Constitutional Commissioner to discuss the British side of the case with us and also to assist us in the adjustments of any possible difficulties as was done in Malta. But the Government of the Gold Coast has not asked for such a Commissioner.

The Prime Minister's motion of August 8, vague in many respects, was shown in the debate to be a request for the Legislature to empower the Government to ask the Secretary of State for the services of an expert "with the requisite knowledge and experience" to advise on the establishment of *Regional Councils*.

Dr. Nkrumah, after calling upon the Assembly to accept the Select Committee's Report—which rejected the federal system and postponed the question of second chamber to the Greek kalends—expressed his concern that "members of Regional Councils or Regional Development Committees may not feel qualified enough to express their requirements without assistance, and even the help afforded by Regional Officers may not be quite enough. It was this," said the Prime Minister, "that gave me the idea of inviting, through the Secretary of State, a man sufficiently educated and experienced in public affairs with particular reference to the practice of government, to advise the Government and if need be other parties on matters of regional devolution."

The Opposition members in the Assembly thought this farcical, and so walked out from the House. They did not wish to participate in a debate on the hollow request for another expert on Regional Councils, a subject upon which the Coussey Committee (1949) and Sir Sydney Phillipson (1950) had already specifically advised the people and Government of the Gold Coast in comprehensive reports.

I think the Liberation group has an impregnable case. It is good to note that the British press, even the Socialist papers, are now taking note of it. And as for the C.P.P.s policy of Socialism, which the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION praises, "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" For centuries, the Gold Coast has had its ample share of tribal communism, with little chance for the individual's personal expression. Would it not be wise to let the Gold Coast individual emerge under the new order before clamping, if need be, the doctrinaire ideologies of the modernist West upon him?

Socialism for the highly industrialised areas of the world may cure many a headache but has it cured any in the Soviet Union's peasants? When the Soviet Union recently sought to learn a lesson in agriculture from the highly individualist country of the United States, did it afford assurance that the raw product of Socialism could pass the test better among Gold Coast peasants? Industrial Socialism, or "communism," may suit Europe's sophisticated temper, but it may turn out to be too raw for wholesale importation into the tribal communism of the Gold Coast.

J. B. DANQUAH

Yiadom Chambers,
Accra, Gold Coast.

[*Dr. Danquah is recognised as Dr. Nkrumah's most distinguished political opponent in the Gold Coast.*—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

INDIA AND GOA

SIR,—Would you allow a Goan to express his appreciation of your well-reasoned editorial comments on Goa in recent issues of your paper? Having been born and bred in Goa and being even now in intimate contact with life in this tiny Portuguese colony, I must confess to some amazement at the absolute failure to understand the real issues involved and profound misconceptions on the subject displayed even in what are regarded as responsible and respectable sections of the British press.

Most foreign correspondents in Goa have obviously swallowed the official Portuguese propaganda line that Goans are happy under Portuguese rule and do not wish to join India, without attempting to find out the facts for themselves. The risks incurred by any Goan who dares to express pro-Indian sympathies have been well brought out by your correspondent and that of the *Observer*, and if further proof were needed, the hundreds of Goans now languishing in Portuguese jails serving savage sentences of up to 28 years penal servitude imposed on them after summary trial by military courts, speak for themselves.

Much is made of the claim that there is no internal agitation for merger with India. When there is no freedom of speech, assembly or of the press, when the press censorship is so rigid that even wedding invitations have to be passed by the official censor and when any criticism of the government can lead to immediate arrest, detention without trial and ultimate deportation, it is ridiculous to claim lack of opposition. Moreover, these are not emergency measures introduced in recent months, but measures which have been in force in Goa for the past 25 years.

Another great misconception that seems to be current amongst Western observers is that Goa was "settled" by the Portuguese and that its inhabitants are Portuguese in much the same way as Australia, New Zealand or Canada were settled by British immigrants. Nothing could be further from the truth. The total number of Portuguese permanently settled in Goa (excluding military officers and government officials temporarily posted there) is less than 100 in a population of about 600,000. Goa is geographically, ethnically, culturally and economically a part of India and its inhabitants are as much Indians as the citizens of the neighbouring republic. The fact that an accident of history has placed them under Portuguese rule for 400 years makes them no more Portuguese than did the Moorish rule in Spain extending over a period of 500 years turn the Spaniards into Moors.

Under these circumstances, to speak of India's interest in seeing Goa freed from foreign rule and taking its rightful place as a constituent unit of the republic as "aggression" against a foreign "State" is utterly unfair and unrealistic, to say the least. Though the Portuguese claim Goa to be "an integral part of Portugal" and have euphemistically defined its constitutional position as being that of an "overseas province," Goa is and has always been a Portuguese colony administered under a "Colonial Act" and ruled by a Portuguese Governor-General with absolute powers, there being no public representation in the government even at municipal level. There is in Goa today rule by one race over another, one nation over another and one people over another without the latter's consent, and if this is not colonialism, we shall have to amend its definition.

It has become quite the fashion in certain sections of the Western press to blame the Communists for any agitation in Asia, even when this arises from genuine nationalist feeling, and this same view seems to have been taken in analysing the causes of the recent disturbances in India over Goa. It would be a great mistake to dismiss the latter as being a Communist move. They arose from genuine nationalist feeding against colonialism in Asia and if the Communists have utilised them to serve their own ends of discrediting the West, the Western Powers have only themselves to blame for their failure to live up to their ideals of freedom and democracy and rejection of colonialism. It is worse than useless for the Western Powers to profess rejection of colonialism and love for freedom and democracy when Portugal, which is a member of Nato, continues to flout the very principles on which the West claims the support of Asia.

St. Catherine's Society, A. CORREIA-AFONSO
Oxford.

PRISON COMMISSIONER'S REPORT

SIR,—Your comment in last week's issue seems to suggest H.M. Prison Commissioners to be a team of enlightened sociologists, well-versed in modern penology and raring to go. They are, one feels, on the verge of significant prison reform yet blocked by a naughty Treasury.

What "creative work" has been attempted by the Home Office in any prison other than those for first offenders? Has Wandsworth a resident psychologist or psychiatrist? In a jail where ninety per cent.

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must be pathological, nobody even knows a prisoner's I.Q. rating—nor, in fact, would know what to do with it if he had it.

It is useless to apply the restrictive clauses of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948—to fill jails increasingly with very long-term habitual criminals and ignore the rules made under the Act for their treatment.

I'm a Canadian. Recently, I served two sentences consecutively. The first in New York State, the second in Wandsworth and Winchester. At an interview with an English Prison Commissioner, I was asked what I found the most obvious differences in the two systems. The answer, of course, was that there were no points of similarity apart from the fact that you were locked up in both places!

In New York State there is a determined and scientific attempt made to reach those who care to respond. Prison guards are more than just well-paid, they're human. In an atmosphere of firm but friendly guidance, a con loses the feeling that he *is* a con. There's vocational training, and, most importantly, outlets for creative and cultural instincts.

In England a prisoner is never allowed to forget that he is one. In exactly the same way that the English have been finding excuses for flogging people and found them throughout the ages, they've found it incredibly easy to be smugly superior to their criminals.

DONALD MACKENZIE

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—I am very grateful to Mr. Gerald Gardiner for his letter but he does not make it clear whether foreign countries have discovered a new way to cure psychopaths or a new way to keep the incurable ones prisoners for life without deterioration in health. In any case, I think it is rather a mistake to tell our people that other countries are more civilised in this matter than we are; it seems to be almost impossible to get at the facts and it seems probable that the difference between this country and some others is that they are less conscientious than we are about confining prisoners in mental hospitals.

The letter from Mr. Hugh Klare seems to me to give the impression that all sexual murderers are psychopaths. But we all know from everyday experience that there are a great many evil men who are not psychopaths and that when they assault women it is because they have no scruples, not because they have no self-control; when they ill-treat women it is because they are savage, not because they are sadists. They know very well the difference between right and wrong and they choose wrong if that is the easiest way to get what they want. If they commit rape they will kill their victim without compunction if it seems a necessary precaution. How would the Howard League deal with such a case? A psychiatrist may be able to say that a psychopath is cured but who can say that a wicked man has forsaken his way? Who would take the responsibility of saying that a prisoner had been reborn and could be set free? It is clear that such a man would have to be kept closely guarded for the rest of his life and the question is whether the new institution could guarantee that he would not pine away. It seems probable that a separate and different institution would be required.

I am sure, Sir, that the public will not agree to abolish the death penalty until they know fully and exactly what the alternative is to be, but I believe that if the Howard League could get certain precautions and conditions guaranteed it would decide the matter straight away.

Wetherby, Yorkshire — R. L. KITCHING

PRINCESS MARGARET

SIR,—When the *News Chronicle* published its editorial attacking the *Daily Mirror* for demanding that Princess Margaret should "make up her mind" about Group Captain Townsend, we expected to be criticised. But not, I confess, by the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Your own editorial was completely beside the point. The assumption that, in objecting to a deplorably bad-mannered intrusion on Princess Margaret's private affairs, the *News Chronicle* was conniving at a sinister plot concocted by bishops and court officials to frustrate Princess Margaret's wishes, is so absurd as to be laughable.

The *News Chronicle* stated its views on the constitutional issues which might conceivably arise in this matter some time ago. Not very surprisingly they coincided with those of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily Mirror*, and the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

But on this occasion, as we stated quite explicitly, the *News Chronicle* was not concerned with the constitutional issues. It was simply raising its voice against the current tendency in sections of Fleet Street to regard the Royal Family simply and solely as useful adjuncts to its circulation departments.

MICHAEL CURTIS
News Chronicle. *Editor*

SIR,—I picked up your last issue with avid anticipation, expecting as usual to be "put in the picture" concerning some of the many vital and interesting developments of the week.

What did I find? Will she, won't she, will Princess Margaret wed Peter Townsend? Has the press been rude to speculate, and is the Primate being prissy about it?

Apart from the fact that the subject has been discussed *ad nauseam* elsewhere, and that I couldn't care less, whom, if or when either of them marry, if I did want my snob sense tickled by sentimental meanderings, I should pay twopence for a picture paper, not ninepence for your journal.

MONICA PEARSON
16 Tufnell Park Road, N.7.

SIR,—Congratulations on your article entitled "Princess Margaret and the Press." Its robust sanity blew through the slums of silly thinking like a cold blast of air through the window of a W.C.

DAVID WRIGHT
73 Gloucester Crescent, N.W.1.

CHANGES IN SKYE

SIR,—My first visit to Skye was in 1913 with a friend, neither of us climbers but both ardent scramblers. We first stayed at Sligachan and then, by the help of Colin Philip, of Glenbrittle House, and his guest the climber Collie, got the only accommodation available in Glenbrittle at the cottage of Mrs. Mary Campbell. There we had a room with two bunks in the wall, and little else but good mutton broth. We met few climbers and fewer fellow-scramblers, but managed pretty well all the peaks. The feat most alarming to our inexperience, though in fact quite easy, was rounding the Gendarme. We walked to Scavaig and bathed there surrounded by a family of seals. Mr. Campbell, being told I was from Oxford ("Not far," he supposed, "from London") asked if I had met Dr. Johnson, said to have written a book about Skye.

My next visit, with a son, was in 1926, and I then noticed very little change, though our lodgings with the Chisholms at the Glenbrittle post-office were rather less primitive and very crowded. There was no rain for our stay and I remember lighting our pipes on the top of Sgurr Alasdair without sheltering the matches.

My third visit, with two sons, was in 1935, and now there was a party of climbers at Glenbrittle House, but we were again at the post-office. Limping home after a walk to Scavaig over the ridge, and by the Bad Step, I was hailed by a stretcher-party to go up the Stone-Shoot and bring down a man with a broken leg. In darkness and rain it was not an easy task. This time some climbers gave us an elementary lesson in the use of the rope on the Cioch and we saw the Brocken Spectre from Sgurr Alasdair. The changes even between my first and last visit were nothing to those, described by your contributor, in the short period since.

Boars Hill, Oxford. — E. F. CARRITT

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Rock of Ages

WRITING of Eugénie de Guérin's *Journal* sometime in the Eighteen-Sixties, Matthew Arnold seized the opportunity to urge a favourite line of propaganda. Compare, he insisted, Mlle de Guérin of Languedoc with Miss Emma Tatham of Margate—"Margate, that brick-and-mortar image of English Protestantism, representing it in all its prose, all its uncomeliness—let me add, all its salubrity." And he continued:

> Between the external form and fashion of these two lives, between the Catholic Mlle de Guérin's *nadalet* at the Languedoc Christmas, her chapel of moss at Easter-time, her daily reading of the life of a saint, carrying her to the most diverse times, places, and peoples . . . between all this and the bare, blank narrowly English setting of Miss Tatham's Protestantism, her "union in church-fellowship with the worshippers at Hawley Square Chapel, Margate"; "her singing with soft, sweet voice, the animating lines—
>
> My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
> 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis Heaven below";
>
> her "young female teachers belonging to the Sunday-school," and her "Mr. Thomas Rowe, a venerable class-leader," what a dissimilarity!

Dissimilarity, indeed! The contrast was all too miserably apparent. And Arnold returned to the charge four years later in *Culture and Anarchy*, hitting out with Olympian savagery at the life "imaged in such a newspaper as the *Nonconformist*—a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons, etc." This was no way to sweetness and light, to the ideal of a perfected culture, to "an increased spiritual activity." As spiritual beings, we were the butt of Europe and M. Michelet could rightly reproach us with the fact that—

> in all the doubt as to the real author of the *Imitation*, no one has ever dreamed of ascribing that work to an Englishman . . . the religious delicacy and the profound asceticism of that admirable book are hardly in our nature.

But time was a better ironist than Arnold. Even while his exquisite fulminations were still falling on the deaf ears of Little Bethel, a middle-aged clerk in the Admiralty, sprung from the very heart of the environment Arnold so detested, was making his first essays as a writer in provincial journalism. In time William Hale White, better known under his pseudonym of "Mark Rutherford," was to prove himself a master of religious delicacy—one of the great nineteenth-century portrayers of the spiritual life. He was a moralist without a church or a theology, yet he was as god-intoxicated as his hero, Bunyan, or his master, Spinoza. His collected works—six short novels, half-a-dozen books of essays, short stories, memoirs, letters, meditations—amply refute Michelet's jibe, and it has been left to another great Frenchman to make amends. "*L'âme humaine*," wrote Gide in his *Journal* (1936),

> *est comparable aux palimpsestes: on lit ici la première écriture, si difficile à déchiffrer à travers l'accumulation des retouches et des apports. L'écriture de Hale White . . . est d'une transparence exquise, d'une scintillante pureté. Il mène à perfection des qualités que je voudrais miennes . . .*

Historically, Hale White belonged to that great doubting generation of nineteenth-century intellectuals that included Froude, Clough and Arnold. He, like other agnostic Victorians, as Mr. Wilfred Stone remarks in his admirable new study*, was "sobered by the loneliness of apostasy." But Mr. Stone goes on to point out just why White's case was unique:

> . . . he is the only one among them whom we can, without qualification, call a Puritan; and he is the only undoubted Puritan of his generation to expose the bare nerve of his suffering in such disciplined and appropriate language.

It is this ambivalent note of feeling, this unremitting struggle to extend the boundaries of intellect and spirit alike, while keeping their claims ever balanced to a hair's breadth, that gives such force and persuasion to Hale White's writing. He was a Calvinist who no longer believed in the *Institutes*, a Puritan without a Saviour. But every strong faith, be it Communism or the Church of Rome (or even humanism, firmly held) leaves its mark on the faithful apostate. The trauma of the ex-Puritan is duty, duty in all its forms and disguises. Your ex-Puritan may, like D. H. Lawrence, seek a new religion; he may, like Henry James, expend a lifetime of blood and sweat re-creating experience in terms of the moral imagination. He may be found dying for liberty in a foreign land or succouring the victims of a Bengal famine. With the protagonists in Hale White's novels—Catherine Furze and Clara Hopgood, Zachariah Coleman and the "Mark Rutherford" of *The Deliverance*—duty takes the form of a quietist but deliberate self-sacrifice. For however emancipated he may have been from his Calvinist upbringing, Hale White still believed in the Elect—not the smug, winged and harped Elect of a thousand Geneva sermons, but an Elect of men and women suffering heroically without much faith or hope in a world that was harsh, drab, alien and intellectually unassimilable. His heroes and heroines find themselves most fully at their moment of supreme renunciation. Much is given to them, and much is therefore taken: each chosen human being makes his or her own Calvary. Clara Hopgood gives up her lover, Baruch Cohen, for the sake of her sister's happiness, and dies during the *Risorgimento* "because she wanted to free the poor people of Italy who were slaves." Speaking of her long afterwards, Mazzini, who appears in the novel, exclaims "the theologians represent the Crucifixion as the most sublime fact in the world's history. It was sublime, but let us reverence also the eternal Christ who is forever being crucified for our salvation." Similarly, Mark Rutherford, in his sermon on the death of Christ, tells his congregation:

> . . . in this world it was true, quite apart from Jesus, that virtue was martyred every day, unknown and unconsoled, in order that the wicked might somehow be saved. . . . . . I am literally saved from penalties because another pays the penalty for me. The atonement, and what it accomplished for man, were therefore a sublime summing-up as it were of what sublime men have to do for their race . . .

It is this conception of an eternal human Calvary, of a predestined elite of moral intelligence and goodwill sacrificing itself age after age for the crass lump of humanity, that separates Hale White from his contemporaries. For them it was relatively easy. Leslie Stephen could congratulate himself on having sloughed off his faith like a snake its old skin, and hurl himself robustly into editing the *D.N.B.* and climbing the Jüngfrau; Arnold could shake his head at the turbid ebb and flow of human misery and turn to preaching that cult of sweet reasonableness that was, so it seemed to him, all that the Higher Criticism had left of the New Testament. Renan, the honey-tongued old abbé, could deliver an oration in his best French Academy manner; for him the Crucifixion was the theme for a sublime discourse under the Dome. These great and gifted men had wrestled with their beliefs like the beasts at Ephesus and had emerged perspiring, victorious—and a shade apprehensive. But for Hale White the Cross was still the central spiritual reality. Wordsworth and Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, the grim obscurantist years in the theological colleges, the pettiness and stagnation of the Congregational ministry, the conversation of George Eliot and the stoicism of Spinoza—all this had blended to dissolve the eschatology of the New Testament, but it had left the ethic startlingly intact. Hale White remained a Christian without faith, a sojourner "in Patmos . . . in the spirit" who had experienced no revelation.

Much of his power to move us comes from his seeming amateurishness, the abrupt transitions and coincidences of his narratives, the fragmentary, almost deliberately tentative style of a writer who has been bred to the ministry and is not quite certain about the provenance or credentials of works of the secular imagination. Though it is far more apparent in his earlier books, such as *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* and *The Deliverance*, a strand of uncertainty, of self-questioning, is woven into all his writing. No moralist has ever been more anxious, in Kafka's phrase, to "cheat nobody, not even the world, of its triumphs." He admired sacrifice, but he admired energy almost as much. *The Corsair* was, he felt, the concomitant to *The Prelude*.

Mr. Stone calls one of his books a "morality play," and the description could well fit all his imaginative writing. Each of his novels sketches lightly yet unforgettably a group of men and women, almost every member of which might be described as a type of the spiritual life or of that world of action and unprivileged, aspiring energy which White new so well at first hand, and for which he felt such compassion: each in his or her own way stands for a variety of moral experience. For most of them life is a sad business, for all of them it is a serious one. Together, they provide a

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* *Religion and Art of William Hale White ("Mark Rutherford").* By WILFRED STONE. *Oxford: Stanford University Press.* 24s.

† *Mark Rutherford: A Biography of William Hale White.* By CATHERINE MACDONALD MACLEAN. *Macdonald.* 25s.

miniature republic of the pure in heart, a gloss on Richard Baxter's grim realisation that "God breaketh not the hearts of all men alike."

Hale White is the poet of the intellectually striving and the spiritually disinherited. He knew the desolation, the squalor and monotony of lower-middle class life in the nineteenth century, the complete dearth of mind and spirit, in a way that Arnold never could, in a way that only Gissing, at a far lower imaginative level, was able to know it. His is a world of artisans and local preachers and small tradesmen, a world where men read tracts and pamphlets in shabby, ill-lighted rooms, a world of boredom—whether it be the clangorous naked boredom of the London Sabbath afternoons or the stifling, backbiting boredom of provincial society in country towns like his native Bedford. It is a world of the trampled upon and the unregarded, the world evoked in Mark Rutherford's phrase, "we who are not remarkable." What, he asks,

> are the facts? Not those in Homer, Shakespeare or even in the Bible. The facts for most of us are a dark street, crowds, commonplaces, loneliness, and, worse than all, a terrible doubt which can hardly be named as to the meaning and purpose of the world.

Mr. Stone's long essay and Miss Maclean's biography† complement one another admirably. The first is scholarly and discursive, a biography of ideas written in the high, ample manner of Professor Trilling's *Matthew Arnold*; Miss Maclean's book is garrulous, intelligent and absorbing. As in her life of Hazlitt, she tells us everything we could ever wish to know about her hero, sometimes even rather more. But the great value of her biography is the emphasis it places upon the Dissenting strain in White's writings and character. Because he was so obviously the civilised Victorian, because he was without the Puritan vices, we are apt to forget how much his virtues were the product of his Nonconformist upbringing. As Dr. Leavis says of George Eliot, he was "a moralist and a highbrow," and what he brought from his Congregational, as she from her Evangelical, background was "a radically reverent attitude towards life, a profound seriousness of a kind that is a first constituent of any real intelligence." A few months ago in *The Tablet* a learned and charitable member of the Society of Jesus wrote that "some speak of the Rock of Ages and others of the Sacred Heart, and both perhaps are unaware that it is of the same thing that they are speaking." Theologically, this may be so. Psychologically, alas, the flow of time has long given the lie to such a statement. The Rock of Ages and the Sacred Heart foster great but vastly different virtues. It is from the first that Hale White's life and art derive.

JOHN RAYMOND

Eurydice

My love has power to force the seas return
  Up the black rocks, preserve forever its foam;
My love has strength to pull the sun through Heaven
  But not to bring me home.

My love could make the dead cherry-tree stir
  White in the growing grass, had power to give
A Paradise to the desert, shyness to the wolf
  But not to make me live.

JENNY JOSEPH

Fate Cannot Harm Me

My First Seventy-six Years. By HJALMAR SCHACHT. *Wingate.* 25*s.*

There may be many Germans who have been moved by this tedious and protracted apology: few English will be. From the vantage point of the comfortable age of 76 Horace Greeley Hjalmar Schacht surveys his "living past" and discovers, with no surprise, that it was good. Life itself has not always been comfortable, but Fate cannot harm me. The Nuremberg Trial produced somewhat inefficient documentary proof of the main outlines of his record: he was acquitted. The Nazis, who might have disposed of him in more summary fashion, were fellow-prisoners in the dock: they were condemned. There was further trouble with German tribunals, but at 70 life could begin again. "Go East, old man," the voices told him, and soon there were planes to take him to Cairo, Teheran, Delhi, Bangkok and Djakarta. Before the war he had junketed with Montagu Norman and Mussolini: now he could exchange thoughts with Mossadeq and Neguib. He even survived an air stop at Tel-Aviv, although Ben Gurion remarked officially that had he known Dr. Schacht was at the airfield he would have had him arrested at once.

Being a man of strong religious convictions, Dr. Schacht finds the explanation of his survival not in Fate, but in his own personality. Even for a banker "personality counts far more than capital," and Dr. Schacht does not spare us an impressive list of his permanent private assets. The first is stoic courage. In the critical years after 1933 he co-operated with Hitler and Goering because he wanted to lead them along the road to justice and decency. When he realised they were bad fellow-travellers he began very unobtrusively to separate himself from them. In the 1920s he had stood up to Poincaré: now he began to clash—far less dramatically—with the Führer. "How dare you—little lion that you are—venture into the big lion's cage?" one of the assistant judges asked him at Nuremberg. "You forget, sir," he replied, "that I did not venture in as a little lion, but as the lion-tamer."

The second asset was outstanding intellect. He might have been a poet, "although the moral, didactic element invariably obtrudes." He might have been a mountain climber: at the age of 51 he found the ascent of the Jungfraujoch no more difficult than his daughter, and only once "did the guide have to come to my assistance." He might have been a journalist, for he was quick to discover the revolutionary implications of "this important field of our public life." He could have been a professor if he had cared for intellectual speculation in a disinterested way. Instead he became a banker, concerned with "practical problems capable of solution by practical means." The history of the mark, not the history of ideas, dominated the Germany of his prime, and his intellect and, eventually, experience enabled him—this is the only modest passage in the book—"to take a hand with some success in the moulding of economic and social conditions." When social and economic conditions changed and he found himself in the gaol at Nuremberg, "among all the prisoners mine was the highest I.Q." Boldly summing up 76 years of achievement, he comments "I have often been called a wizard—then let this be the memoirs of a wizard. There is nothing in my past of which I need be ashamed."

This is a large claim which cannot be settled by a judicial tribunal. A historian attempting to assess his place in history may introduce a few qualifications. Dr. Schacht was an almost indispensable agent in the first few years of the Nazi regime: his grasp of economic realities contrasted sharply with the woolly nonsense of Gottfried Feder, and Hitler realised his value. There came a time when he could be dropped, or rather, as he himself puts it, when "my incessant struggle to ensure saving and careful use of raw materials and foreign exchange, and my steady insistence on the slowing down of armaments must have gradually got on Hitler's nerves." An adroit technician who after dismissal or resignation attempts to indulge in large statements of policy is bound to get into trouble and, after the break with Hitler, Schacht did. Just what subsequent part he played in "resistance" is still far from clear. At best it was resistance based on the high moral principle that "if you want to lead anyone, I believe you stand a far better chance if you don't tell him your real reasons than if you do."

His grasp of economic realities was never accompanied by any understanding of politics. He is vague about democracy, naive about political parties, old-fashioned about colonies, and wildly wrong about the course of German history. But in all these faults he was never alone. He stood out above his contemporaries as a financial wizard, but he stood down among the German crowds once the main themes of his age were touched. His private involvement in the tragedy of the twentieth century is utterly remote to him, although he talks glibly in the Introduction of "the poisonous miasma that clouds our era." His political labels were always aliases whether he called himself a "broad-minded Liberal," "a middle-class leftist" or a Minister without Portfolio in a Nazi Government: only behind the scenes would he admit to himself more frankly that "there will always be a few leading brains who will not only have to think but also decide and act for the great mass of people." If you are sure that you are a leading brain of the century, Fate cannot harm you, but an Autobiography can.

ASA BRIGGS

Balmorality

Balmoral. By IVOR BROWN. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Amateur of words—especially those odd, elusive, or obsolete—Mr. Ivor Brown recoils stoutly from one he dislikes. "Balmorality" has distressed him. It's long and nasty, like "hospitalisation"; smart too. The neologism owes its origin to Mr. George Scott-Moncrieff who, twenty-three years ago, wanted a label for the seigneural invaders of his homeland. It may not seem, to the outsider, such a bad word. But Mr. Brown is no outsider. His Scotchness—Scotness? Scottishness?—am I in danger?—is revolted. "Balmorality," he declares, is passing into the language—north of the Tweed—and the more he looks at it, the more pretentious, slick, tawdry he finds it.

Out of this decent disgruntlement Mr. Brown has written his book: rather, that's how it looks, the pamphleteering mood being ascendant over that other which has produced the subtitle "The History of a Home." If Mr. Scott-Moncrieff erred by too hastily smearing, Mr. Brown's wiping clean is rather lukewarm. The Victorian-built castle is, if ugly, in tune with late Romanticism; the Queen was a bit fond of tartans and pipes, but never mind; the gaming and hunting were exceedingly modest, compared with orgies before and since; the British Association paid an amusing—and, let us hope, instructive—visit; Brown—John, not Ivor—was no more than a pug-faced Malvolio, and we underestimate now the charms of Landseer here, there, and everywhere; they didn't even overeat much, and the aroma of curry wasn't *too* overpowering; while as for gaieties to leaven the pudding, there were Her Majesty's well-known passion for dancing and almost native tolerance of whisky. *Balmoral* tones down a caricature, to instil an agreeable, if never quite urgent, affection in its place. One can't avoid the feeling that a good-selling subject may have had just a little to do with it.

However, Royalty—as we are experiencing at the moment—never fails to enthrall. A hundred years ago, the Queen had a passion for mountain climbs; "poor Albert" used to wade up to his knees

after grouse or get up at five in the morning for the deer; "whisky cannot reasonably"—states some authority—"be objected to, for it is an absolute necessary, and does not come under the head of intemperance"; Mr. Gladstone was invited by the Prince to play whist—"I said, 'For love, sir?' He said, 'Well, shillings and half a crown on the rubber,' to which I submitted"; from the Cairngorms a crystal, yellow or wine-coloured, and weighing fifty pounds, would be bought £ for lb.; there were eagles as well as ptarmigan, journeys on pony were more than balanced by railway journeys from London, in separate coaches, and in stages; the kirk of Crathie—where the other Sunday thousands of sightseers besieged, with cars massed over the surrounding fields—still kept its congregation in lively expectation of hell-fire: in fact, the whole thing has a far-off, stodgy, wistful charm. It all depends how we prefer to read about it: whether nostalgically-adiposely, or nicely-cynically, or prettily-furtively. Mr. Brown commands, in his admirable, concise manner, the first. I happen to prefer second or third. But that, so far as this book is concerned, is my misfortune. I enjoyed the reserved praise of period, the sometimes touching enthusiasm of the young Queen who was to become an eternal widow, the whiffs of landscape and time gone. Only I would have preferred—since all this is the sentimental recoil from scorn—something a shade more positive.

If *Balmoral* quite achieved the Victorian restoration it should aim at, "Balmorality" would be flung out of its way to the dictionary. But has it been? Agreed, a wickedly sweeping, unkind word; but it will take more than this book to prevent its getting there.

G. W. STONIER

The Painted Caves

Prehistoric Painting: Lascaux or the Birth of Art. By GEORGES BATAILLE. *Skira: Zwemmer.* £5 15*s.*

Lascaux and Carnac. By GLYN DANIEL. *Lutterworth.* 15*s.*

Stone Age art is in fashion. After fifteen or so thousand years between cave walls and fifty years between archaeological covers, it has suddenly become everyone's possession. When I last visited my bookshop, there were three large books and a small one dealing with this subject conspicuously displayed on the art counter. No more remarkable proof will ever be forthcoming to support our claims for the timelessness of true art.

It was an excellent idea to include cave painting in the Skira *Great Centuries of Painting*, for this first uprush of artistic genius is surely the most exciting, because the most improbable, of them all. Archaeologists having had their say, the time was ready for an appraisal by an art historian or critic. We can congratulate the publishers on this enterprise and on the superb quality of the colour photographs taken at Lascaux. Here at last one can see both pigments and cave walls as nearly as possible in their correct colours, and every detail of their variously seductive textures. Then, too, the general views succeed as no others have done in capturing the other-worldly atmosphere of the cave, with its white, flocculent ceilings floating overhead, and the animals that stand, run, leap and fall on every side, instant with life yet dreamlike and remote.

Here, unhappily, cause for congratulation comes to an end. The book staggers under the burden of two colossal failings. First it was, I think, a grave mistake to limit a work which enters the Skira series under a heading of *Prehistoric Art* to the single cave of Lascaux. It would be valuable to have a detached, aesthetic judgment of Breuil's division of Palaeolithic art into two main cycles; one would enjoy an informed comparison between Lascaux, Altamira and other leading sites; there was every reason to expect a history of the development of cave art, so far as our knowledge of the facts would allow. Secondly, in

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MACDONALD

its general quality the text must be the most unworthy that has ever accompanied the fine colour plates.

The two failings are not unconnected, for one of the weaknesses of M. Georges Bataille's position is that for the sake of dramatic force he is trying to make Lascaux represent the earliest dawn of art on earth, and also to suggest that in some way, never defined, it has a peculiar significance setting it apart from all other painted caves of the epoch. Neither of these suggestions is true. Even if we agree with the Abbé Breuil's relatively early date for Lascaux, there are still many much earlier examples of cave painting leading up to these masterpieces. Again, many people find the Spanish cave of Altamira to be even greater than its French rival. Thus, quite apart from its astonishing neglect of the ancient civilisations, the following statement is quite simply untrue:

> Formerly, that moment at which art was born—the stunning moment when, creating art, man wrought a miracle—seemed considerably closer to us in time. Greece was the place where this wonder was first achieved, and we were accustomed to thinking of the Greeks as the first to have all the marks and all the titles of modern man. I wish here but to indicate that, Lascaux having been found, this critical moment may be situated many thousand of years earlier than we once thought.

Altamira and many of the most ancient of the painted caves had been accepted as works of Palaeolithic art for several decades before the discovery of Lascaux; in spite of the rare beauty of the new find it brought no revolutionary message concerning the emergence of the human mind.

The fact that by an odd phrase here and there M. Bataille shows himself to be aware of the predecessors and rivals of his chosen site only emphasises the falsity of the foundations on which *Lascaux or the Birth of Art* has been raised. For my part I am also in complete disagreement with the author's thesis, taken from Huizinga, that art was the rebellion of *Homo ludens*, the animal creature breaking away from the stern taboos of *Homo faber* the tool-maker; I am convinced that any understanding of this art must begin with a realisation of the complete unity of life in the Stone Age, when hunting, tool-making, art, magic and religion were undivided. This can be set aside as a mere difference of opinion; the false grandeur of the style can be attributed to an unsuccessful rendering of fine French eloquence. But it is impossible to excuse either the mistakes of fact or the looseness of much of the thought. From the first line of the blurb which refers to the "chalk cliffs" along the Vézère (in that region famous for its magnificent limestone scenery) almost every page up to the conducted tour of the cave contains some comparable blunder. As for the looseness of the thinking, if I pick out the following sentence to illustrate it, this is only because all the other examples would take more space:

> However it be precarious, life is almost always accompanied by conditions which make it possible.

One could almost wish, handling this lovely half-wasted volume, that M. Bataille had tried living where life was impossible.

For anyone who wants to make a visit to the painted caves of France, Dr. Daniel will make a pleasant and never intellectually exacting guide. He is familiar not only with prehistory itself, but with the history of archaeology, and so has much to say about the original exploration of the many classic sites in the Dordogne that have given their names to Stone Age cultures. His "light, gossipy guide to some aspects of the gastro-archaeology of France" takes one also to that part of Brittany which is enriched by the magnificent megalithic monuments of later prehistoric times. If, perhaps, one would rather enjoy one's *cèpes paysanne* and *dégustation de fruits de mer* without either guidance or conscious pride, nevertheless there is no question that as steward of a great Cambridge college, Dr. Daniel should be as well qualified to speak on gastronomy as on archaeology. His little book is practical and unpretentious.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

On Whose Conscience?

The Man on Your Conscience. By MICHAEL EDDOWES. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

For most people it is necessary to come to a conclusion about worrying affairs like the execution of Timothy Evans in March, 1950, for murders confessed to three years later by John Reginald Christie. Busy men glance anxiously through a Scott Henderson report, sigh with relief, and press on. Even if the report is whitewash, both men are dead and what can you do about it? Numerous cases like those of Oscar Slater and Adolf Beck combine to show that if Evans were still alive and in gaol, popular publicists would still be pounding away at the authorities to get him vindicated, released, and compensated. But Timothy Evans's short, miserable and feckless life is over; and this it is, in the first place, that makes Mr. Eddowes's skilful and painstaking book so unusual.

Its second claim to universal attention is that it challenges a great principle of English jurisprudence—the principle, heard only where high officials whisper in each other's ears, that the nourishment of public confidence in the police and the courts may sometimes be allowed to take precedence over the search for truth.

A third is that a historical view of the whole facts, as they can now be pieced together, may encourage a new assessment of the repudiated confessions that distinguish murder trials from all others. And if it does, some general significance may be found in the fact that the people who confess and then recant are usually ignorant and often illiterate persons who, like Evans, get no kind of legal aid whatsoever until about ten days or a fortnight after their arrest; while a special line of inquiry may be suggested by the fact that Evans's "confession" included facts he could only have learned from the police.

With these considerations held (I believe) properly in check, I have read this book with the intention, almost the hope, of finding flaws in its re-examination of the Evans-Christie affair and instances of special pleading that could mitigate its obvious power to disturb and horrify. I found a little of both. There is special pleading, I think, in the hyperbole with which Christie is described as "the greatest expert of all time at this kind of thing," and in the turns of phrase in such passages as this:

> When the hopeless struggle was over and Evans had been sentenced to death, a man at the back of the court burst into tears—tears of relief. It was Christie. Christie left the court and mingled with the crowd; he stood in thought on the steps of the Old Bailey arm in arm with his wife, pondering on his luck. Over the heads of the astonished bystanders Evans's mother shouted at him, "Murderer, murderer." Mrs. Christie called back, "Don't you dare call my husband a murderer, he is a good man." Christie put his arm round his wife, his next victim to be, and kissed her.

There is a flaw in the failure to deal adequately with Evans's confession in Brixton Prison to Dr. Matheson, the prison medical officer, without any questioning as to what had happened—"a wholly spontaneous, frank story," Dr. Matheson called it, "the story of a person who was telling the truth and who was relieved by telling it. . . . He never varied his story, and he never attempted with me to accuse Christie."

But with it all, Mr. Eddowes's thesis is made out: the case against Evans, not proven in 1950, was destroyed three years after his execution by the new facts that brought Christie to the Old Bailey again. "The unpalatable truth," says Mr. Eddowes, "is that Evans was innocent; and because his accusation against the real killer was not believed, four more women were later to be strangled by Christie." One hitherto unpublished document that will cause great surprise is a letter (pp. 127-30) from Dr. J. A. Hobson, the Middlesex Hospital psychiatrist to whom Christie confessed in prison before his sentence, but who was denied access to him thereafter.

> It is unfortunate (Dr. Hobson's letter concludes) that I did not question Christie more fully about

his killing of Mrs. Evans, but at that time my primary interest was to establish Christie's insanity. It is even more unfortunate that I was refused access to him after his sentence. I think it is most likely that not only would I have got a clearer story of the killing of Mrs. Evans, but that he would also have told me how he had murdered baby Geraldine.

It is unfortunate, too, and it will be barely credible except to the few who know it to be true, that not only responsible investigators like Mr. Eddowes, who is a solicitor of repute, but even the parents or legal advisers of the accused person are not allowed, once the case is officially "ended," to purchase a transcript of the trial they wish to study. If the transcript of a trial that was held in public is nevertheless to become a closely guarded official secret thereafter, a mistake involving a man's life may never be discovered.

A handful of people must know the truth about the Evans-Christie murders, and it manifestly failed to emerge at the trials or, it would seem, at the Scott Henderson inquiry. All the lawyers are constrained to silence, until they retire from practice, by a convention that probably works, in the main, for the public good. But the public good, subjective as the vision of it must always be, cannot in the end be served by any device to justify the hanging of an innocent man. This book is a challenge to the handful who know so much more than the rest of us. Theirs are the consciences that should be given no rest.

C. H. ROLPH

A Poetical Bishop

The Poems of Richard Corbett. Edited by J. A. W. BENNETT and H. R. TREVOR-ROPER. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

We have met Corbett before. He is the Doctor of Divinity in Aubrey who helped out an unsuccessful ballad-singer at Abingdon by donning his leather coat and singing them well; the roystering Bishop of Oxford who

> would take the key of the wine-cellar and he and his chaplain would lock themselves in and be merry. Then first he lays down his episcopal hat—"There lies the Doctor." Then he putts off his gowne—"There lies the Bishop." Then 'twas "Here's to thee, Corbet," and "Here's to thee, Lushington."

The learned may also remember that he was the author of *Farewell Rewards and Fairies* and esteemed as "the best poet of all the bishops in England."

The son of a successful nursery-gardener he went to Westminster School and Christ Church, and is still reaping the advantages of being in with the right people at the right time. A friend of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Donne and a client of the Duke of Buckingham, he was twice kicked upstairs—into the bishopric of Oxford to make room in the deanery of Christ Church for Brian Duppa, the "deserving chaplain" of the Duke of Dorset, and from Oxford to Norwich so that Laud's candidate Bancroft should build an episcopal palace at Cuddesdon. His editors in their rather tart biography call him a poetaster and complain of his place-hunting and lack of taste. That he loved the Church of England and helped to build its tolerant catholicity and was himself educated by it into charity for Puritans, whom he detested, is not (I think) the sort of achievement they admire. But they have served him with a witty and learned edition clothed in the high elegance of the Clarendon Press. They say his poems "can be enjoyed" and leave us free to appraise them.

In religious poetry he is a non-starter: "Cursed forever bee that Man, Who not believeth what Fayth can, The Trinity." His elegies show the vulgarity of an educated but uncritical mind, perceptible in the exquisitely fashionable lines on the death of Mr. Rice, the manciple of Christ Church.

> Whose body was soe light, it might have gone
> To Heave'ne without a Resurrection.
> Indeed thou wert all *Type*; thy limnes were signes,
> Thy Arteryes but *Mathematicke lines*.

And vulgarity given its head in *Upon the Death of Queen Anne*. Her epitaph, he says, is her pedigree:

> For lines in Bloud cutt out are stronger
> Then lines in Marble, and last longer.
> And such a verse shall never fade,
> That is *Begotten* and not *made*.

History was to deepen the irony of his address to Charles I on the birth of the prince "whom God thy Father sent To make him rich without a parliament." But Corbett has not endured through three hundred years to be a mere quarry for metaphysical vulgarity or quaintly phrased history. In his light poetry he is a broad-handed comic, a bouncing academic clown in the ballad on King James's visit to Cambridge, and balancing upon a Falstaffian nostalgia that just avoids sentimentality in *The Faeryes Farewell*. This is, as is often the way with anthology pieces, his most fully sustained poem. But there is a great deal of pleasant entertainment in his far longer *Iter Boreale*. In Eng. Lit. this stands first of the many travel-poems that were to maintain a welcome particularly in the wastes of eighteenth-century generalisation. We can still amble along inside it as a good poem in its own right. We are borne "to Daintry with a land-wind," search in vain at Lutterworth for "one dramme of Wyckliff's dust," drink stale beer "I think was never new" at Leicester, and cross the Trent at Nottingham where "the common men, like moles, Dwell not in houses but are earthed in holes" and we are pleased to see, "Crosses not yet demolish't, and our *Ladye* with her arms on embracing her whole Baby." On the way back we find "a *handsome hostesse* makes the reckoning *deare*" at Loughborough and nearly meet Puck in a forest near Bosworth, where "Our host was full of Ale and History" and lived close enough to Shakespeare to confuse King Richard III with the actor Burbage. Corbett is a companion one likes to have travelled with on a summer afternoon but perhaps only a Lushington could bear the strain of continuous friendship.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

From Eagles to Trogons

Eagles. By LESLIE BROWN. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

The Gyr Falcon Adventure. By STANLEY CERELY. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Memoirs of a Birdman. By LUDWIG KOCH. *Phoenix House.* 16*s.*

Mr. Gould's Tropical Birds. Ed. EVA MANNERING. *Ariel Press.* 35*s.* Limited edition 63*s.*

The number of bird-watchers continues its astonishing increase, and the number of books on birds follows suit. The present selection includes two studies of individual species by amateurs, the life-story of a professional and a fine set of coloured reproductions. Leslie Brown's *Eagles* is a book for bird-watchers rather than the general reader. It is a distinguished account, written with great enthusiasm, so that the reader shares the author's excitement in his birds, in the grand country where he worked and in his new discoveries. All the same, there are dull sections which could have been much shortened and routine facts which could have been made more palatable. In an attempt, not wholly successful, to find every Golden Eagle's nest in the Highlands, the author with tremendous zest climbed every hill in every type of weather. The longer and more original part of the book describes his observations on ten kinds of eagles breeding in Kenya, where he is a senior agricultural officer. Many of the birds bred near each other in tall trees on "Eagle Hill" and, with the help of native Africans (in a collaboration which sounds delightful), Mr. Brown made intensive observations at many nests over a period of several years. For the number of hours spent in watching them, eagles are scientifically unrewarding, but the author has added various new facts to their natural history. The most pleasing, perhaps, is that Walt Whit-

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"Real distinction . . . he writes beautifully, and his intelligence equals his sensibility."—OBSERVER.

Thrillers of the Month

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T FLY by Margot Bennett. *"Most ingenious and gripping"*[1] *"Beautifully simple and ingenious"*[2] *"Clever, entertaining"*[3] *"At the top of her form."*[4] *"Most distinguished"*[5].

THE HAMMERSMITH MAGGOT by William Mole. *"Quite out of the ordinary"*[6] *"Most readable, ingenious"*[5] *"I confidently recommend"*[4] *"First-rate, very tense and real."*[3].

THE BODY SNATCHERS by Jack Finney, author of *Five Against the House*. Ready September 16

[1]The Times [2]Julian Symons [3]Laurence Meynell [4]Maurice Richardson [5]Christopher Pym [6]Francis Iles

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

man's description of the "dalliance of eagles," in which the pair grip claws and swirl earthwards together (which I had supposed to be good poetry but bad natural history) is in fact correct. His most speculative conclusion is that neither adult nor young eagles normally experience food shortage (though he does not suggest what else might cause their death or limit the size of their brood). Although the book is chiefly concerned with African birds, British bird-watchers should find much of profit, but it may prove too solid for the general reader.

In comparison, Stanley Cereley's *The Gyr Falcon Adventure* is a slight work, describing a three weeks' holiday in north-western Iceland in which several gyr falcons' nests were found. The accounts of the country, the people and the birds are good enough for light holiday reading, but the writing is undistinguished and the author discovered nothing unusual.

Only one ornithologist would be recognised by his voice when buying a railway ticket, but then Ludwig Koch is a radio personality, and by his recordings of bird songs he has, perhaps, done more to popularise bird-watching than any other man. In *Memoirs of a Birdman* he describes his life-work, from his start as a professional musician in Frankfurt a.M. to his career with the B.B.C. He tells his story straightforwardly, if in the manner of a star artist, and nearly all the photographs are of himself. This should interest his many followers, though his personality does not come over as it does on the air, and his adventures in getting bird-songs seem less rewarding than the records themselves.

John Gould's magnificent hand-coloured plates of birds, so popular among the wealthy in the last century, are now rare, and each volume may cost several hundred pounds. In *Mr. Gould's Tropical Birds* the Ariel Press has done good service in reproducing 24 coloured plates selected from six of Gould's books. The reproductions (by K. G. Lohse of Frankfurt a.M.) are magnificent and faithfully bring out the brilliant colouring. Indeed, when I compared those of the trogons with the originals, it was extremely hard to tell them apart. In addition to five portraits of trogons, there are five of parrots and six of hummingbirds, also two pigeons, a toucan and various finches. There is no text beyond a short life of Gould and a brief scientific description of each species, so that this is a purely decorative work. Considering the excellence of the reproductions it is remarkably cheap, and the somewhat richer colour and larger page of the limited edition seem worth the extra cost.

DAVID LACK

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Methuen

New Novels

The Fall of the Sparrow. By NIGEL BALCHIN. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Guardians. By J. I. M. STEWART. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Homecoming. By JIRO OSARAGI. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

A new book by Mr. Balchin always starts me meditating about the nature of readability. This, for a reviewer, is looking a gift-horse in the mouth, sheer masochism. Better to adapt the slogan of Count Mippipopolous in *The Sun Also Rises* who, when Jake suggests he should write a book about wine, answers: "All I want out of wines, Mr. Barnes, is to enjoy them," and say: "All I want out of novels is to be able to read them." Yet this quality of buttonholing readability, or unputdownability, is an important phenomenon. Some of the very greatest writers have it, as well as the most expert yarn-spinners and avowed entertainers. In Mr. Balchin's case, I always feel that he is so clever and so capable that he has isolated readability in his literary laboratory, analysed it, and found a way of synthesising it.

The Fall of the Sparrow is the case history of a middle-class psychopathic delinquent. We first meet him in the prologue, in the dock, where he is awaiting sentence for various frauds, cashing dud cheques all over the place, selling the furniture of the friend who lent him his flat. While the judge is making up his mind to give him twelve months, his friend Henry Payne, a nice, quiet, serious-minded physiologist, who has known him in childhood, at school, at Cambridge, and during the war, tells his story.

We begin, of course, with severe father trouble. Here I think Mr. Balchin lays it on a bit thick. General Pellew is too dotty altogether. He roars, throws the tea-things about, and finally goes right off his head, runs amok with a rifle and has to be shut up. As traumatic experience for a son, this kind of behaviour is apt to defeat its own ends—but no doubt the point is to establish the hereditary tendency. At his public school, Jason, now a slight fair-haired pretty boy, gets off on the wrong foot by having an affair with an unpopular prefect, then turns into a romantic, rebellious adolescent. At Cambridge his personal charm becomes increasingly strong, and with it his symptomatic tendency to tell pathological lies. His narcissism, which you might have expected to crystallise out into homosexuality, takes varied forms. He meets Leah, a bossy but attractive lower-middle-class Jewish girl with the usual chip on her shoulder, goes with her to anti-Mosley demonstrations in the East End, and has her down to Cambridge for a dance, where she makes a pass at our nice quiet narrator, Henry.

Leah is, up to a point, one of Mr. Balchin's best female characters. Less successful is the godmother with whom Jason lives and who has been invested, so it seems to me, and I think unnecessarily, with a sinister touch, faintly reminiscent of "Seaton's Aunt," that horrific creation of Walter de la Mare. After a brief interlude in Spain during the civil war, and a lot of hanging about in London during the blitz, Jason, impelled by the example of Leah—who is eventually done in by the Gestapo while doing intelligence work abroad—becomes a paratrooper, volunteers for special service, cracks up and is invalided out.

His next fatal step is to marry a tough millionairess who gives him hell, not very convincingly, and kicks him out. Then, after a short spell with one of Mr. Balchin's psychiatrists, he takes to the blend of fraud and fantasy that lands him in the dock. This is not one of Mr. Balchin's best jobs. Jason remains a bundle of symptom-formations and never really becomes a live round character. The loose biographical form tempts Mr. Balchin to ramble and generalise, whereas he writes best when he is concentrating on a tight plot in a set scene. Nevertheless, the unputdownability coefficient is distractingly high.

A few lessons in buttonholing from Mr. Balchin, and Mr. Stewart might be irresistible. *The Guardians*, the second of his "straight" novels, as distinct from the immensely ingenious crime fiction which he writes under the name of Michael Innes, is light academic entertainment. We view it through the eyes of Willard Quail, a highly cultured American big business man, who once wrote the definitive biography of Fontaney, a Ruskinish Oxford figure with American connections, whose two daughters, the guardians of the treasure, are still living. Quail returns to Oxford to find a grim struggle taking place between Jopling, the Warden of his old College, and Tandon, the senior tutor. The cause is some new Fontaney material, unpublished journals which contain Oxford scandal. In the end everything is peacefully resolved and Tandon, who seemed at one time to be heading for a bout of paranoia, marries the younger of the two guardians. They staggered me severely on the last page by producing children. There are some excellent comic characters. The Warden is very prime; so is Dr. Stringfellow, the immensely aged, crusty eccentric; the literary jokes and the Henry Jamesisms are very nicely done. But though he tries hard, Mr. Stewart does not quite catch the contemporary Oxford atmosphere. Quail, though an efficient *deus ex machina*, remains woefully dim, and I get a feeling that Mr. Stewart has somewhat underplotted himself. His dialogue crackles delightfully, but some of his descriptive passages suffer from repetition and over-writing.

The buttonholing quality rarely survives translation, especially—unless the translator is himself a word-master like Mr. Arthur Waley—from an oriental language. *Homecoming* is, however, a fascinating curiosity: a modern Japanese novel, self-consciously didactic, concerned with the plight of Japan in defeat. The hero is Kyogo Moriya, a former naval officer exiled, because of a scandal, to Singapore, where we first encounter him and most of the other characters towards the end of the war, having an affair with Saeko Takano, a cabaret-proprietress, who denounces him in a fit of pique to the political police. Back in Japan, he meets all kinds of characters: a die-hard admiral, an opportunist litterateur, students, painters, and watches their reactions to the idea of defeat. He has a dramatic reunion with his daughter and takes an eccentric, non-violent revenge on Saeko. Much of the book is vivid; much of it I find oddly confusing. Judging by these characters, pre-war Japanese life was curiously Edwardian; perhaps it was: yet I cannot help feeling that something essentially Japanese has got left out, somehow. The author has a *penchant* for leaving things out; he even leaves out the American Occupation. You can rely on him for a surprise. One of his best turns is Onozaki—a liberal humanist painter—"it was in Paris that he got into the habit of cornering someone after a meal and talking him to death. But he found it as good for his health in Japan as in Paris." Onozaki's humanist message is:

> The Japanese must be made to suffer more . . . they've got to be pushed down mercilessly. They've gone half way down now, they're suspended midway and feel that the worst is over and that they're all right now. . . . Look around you, nobody's indignant. They're all laughing like idiots. How many people are there even now who are really angry about the war. . . . People have got to learn to be as angry at what happens to other people as at what happens to themselves.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

Hiroshima Diary. By MICHIHIKO HACHIYA. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Dr. Hachiya was a victim of the atom bomb which fell on Hiroshima ten years ago. As a physician, he was able to keep a detailed diary of the effects of an A-bomb explosion on himself and his neighbours. His account has a scientific precision that puts it in a class by itself among first-hand accounts of this horror. The document describes the ghastly symptoms that appeared so inexplicably and so relentlessly among thousands of people who had no idea what had hit them. Many readers will find this dry—only occasionally emotional—record of the slow and horrible deaths of people who imagined they had survived the raid more moving than any of the more sensational descriptions.

To the One I Love the Best. By LUDWIG BEMELMANS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

In America, where one may insure oneself against every kind of risk, it should be possible for Society hostesses to safeguard themselves against being posthumously boswellised by Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans. Lady Mendl, having failed to take this precaution, has been served up to posterity in a manner which reminds one of the most expensive kind of French cooking—bland, unctuous, creamy, and quite unsuited to her personality, which seems to have been as uncompromisingly astringent as a black olive. When Mr. Bemelmans met her she was ninety years old and weighed about ninety pounds, without her jewels. An exhausting and prolonged career, first as an actress and later as an interior decorator, had left her with a house in Hollywood, a villa in Versailles, a large amount of money, pale blue hair and a titled British husband whom she bullied mercilessly. If she possessed any personal charm Mr. Bemelmans, who is an expert on the subject, signally fails to communicate it. The episodes out of which he has constructed his book build up to a crescendo of horror, culminating in the description of Lady Mendl's return to Versailles after the war, nosing her way through the hostile peasantry in an egg-plant-coloured Rolls and locking out her former French friends when she discovers how disgustingly shabby and hungry they have become.

Whether she was really like this, or whether it was only in the last years of her life that she assumed this shape, the reader cannot know; he can only question the taste of the author in choosing such a subject for a humorous and sentimental biography. On the last page, Mr. Bemelmans confesses that he has taken liberties with accuracy and invented the comic servants who abound in the book; and after such a queasy feast, this admission is the last cheese straw. It will be a long time before his admirers forgive him for a book so thoroughly soupy, saucy and fishy.

Scotland. By G. S. FRASER and EDWIN SMITH. *Thames & Hudson.* 42*s.*

In tackling the set piece on Scotland which all Scots writers have sooner or later to produce, Mr. Fraser relies, with striking success, on being himself and declaring his interest. There is no pose of being encyclopaedic in knowledge and unfailing in appreciation, equally at home in Galloway or Buchan, the twelfth century or the twentieth, a foot each side of the Highland Line; he remains firmly a Lowlander, born, brought up and educated in three Scottish towns, and now living in London. So he writes of St. Andrew's and Aberdeen—" soapy and scrubbed "—with deep if critical affection; of the Highlands, as a fascinated stranger; and takes, on the whole question of the Scot and his nature, the cool, searching view of the half-detached. With cool penetration he classifies London Scots as either the Carlyle type or the Boswell type: " The Boswells are moved by a desire to please; the Carlyles by a suspicion of shams."

Admirably, Mr. Smith's portfolio of 191 photographs complements Mr. Fraser's introduction. This, one feels, on looking at Caerlaverock Castle with Ministry of Works navvies digging a trench under corbel and moulding, is the juxtaposition a poet would notice; or the shabby tenement with cheerful children perched on its walls beside the Culross Tolbooth. In tune with the time, Mr. Smith has avoided the picturesque, and all beauty-spottery; he allows the subjects to speak for themselves, and by refusing to confine the Highland landscape into the accepted conventions of grandeur and romance, he sometimes achieves a result of startling beauty—see his Gruinard Bay (109) with a white light on the low hills under dark skies. But here and there the caption writer has nodded: what, in the Kirk's name, are the "chapel-going natives " of Harris ? (Nos. 123-4).

Beyond the Tides. By PHILIP STREET. *University of London Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a well-written and well-illustrated account of all the more important food-fishes caught in the seas round these Islands. Mr. Street is not only a good scientific ichthyologist, he has also gone into the history of his subject in its biological and its economic aspects. On the biological side, accurate knowledge not alone of fish but of sea life in general began only a hundred years ago with the pioneer work of P. H. Gosse, who invented and popularised the marine aquarium. Economically, Mr. Street has much of interest and significance to say on the problems of over-fishing—problems which were dismissed as illusory at the end of last century by T. H. Huxley, but which are now seen to be serious. He also tells the curious story of the sudden collapse, in the years just before the First World War, of the immemorially ancient and lucrative Cornish inshore fishing industry. In one sweep at St. Ives in 1868 a single seine caught sixteen and a half million pilchards (more or less). But since 1907 the pilchards have ceased to come within reach of the inshore seines. Before that, they were driven into the shallow waters by the predatory hake. In the last fifty years, however, hake have become a popular table-fish, and their large-scale capture by trawlers has enabled the pilchards to remain in deep waters—to the ruin of many families of Cornish fishermen.

Mr. Street gives many incidental facts and figures of surprising interest. Those who care for statistics will like to know that a female cod may be the mother of eight million eggs. And those who care for kippers will be glad to know that they can still have them properly smoked and undyed from the Isle of Man and Stornoway.

Biography of a Nation—A Short History of Britain. By ANGUS MAUDE and ENOCH POWELL. *Phoenix House.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Biography is about chaps: " Our history (according to Messrs. Maude and Powell) is concerned with the life of nations, with their birth, their fortunes and their death. All else is chronicle." More precisely, they explain that the proper subject-matter of history is " that self-consciousness which is the essence of nationhood." It is not surprising that, after this venture into the mysteries of methodology, they feel that history is " perhaps the most difficult subject of purely human enquiry," and so relapse into factual dullness for the rest of their 200 pages.

This is a pity. First, because nationalism remains interesting, despite the claptrap, and might prove a fruitful theme on which to base a pocket history of the United Kingdom. The authors give surprisingly little attention to the problems of nationalism within the nation, and (having lost sight of their biographical analogy) do not explore the idea that these led to neuroses which in turn fostered that aggressiveness which won the Empire. The rise of Empire, and its relation to the older nationalism, is left curiously vague; the authors are savagely ironical about the dissolution of Empire into a nebulous Commonwealth, but fail to explain whether this means the death of the nation.

Secondly, it is a pity because it is hopeless to expect that a history of this size can give enough facts. Its purpose should rather be to awaken the mind. The book is, indeed, filled with facts, but many of them (the repeal of the Corn Laws, for example) are left wholly unexplained: and the tendentious way in which they are presented is concealed by the drabness of the style. The authors could have made their book more readable if they had been persuaded that history was really about ideas.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,332

Set by Tom Bowling

"Spoke to nobody. Never had a pal. Only played ring-o-roses with young women." Competitors are asked to match this homely description of D. H. Lawrence by inventing similar blunt judgments on three famous men or women by people who knew them in their youth. Limit 20 words each. Entries by September 13th.

Result of No. 1,329

Set by Peter Pastmaster

The astrological forecasts in the popular newspapers are usually directed toward the plain man. Competitors are invited, instead, to augur a week in the life of a highbrow.

Report

The proper hour for Proust or Kafka, the right evening for the symphony concert—after the fortieth horoscope, such reiteration became wearisome. What I was really after was not so much culture but a translation of the prognostics made by the Sunday paper astrologers into highbrow terms. Though only a few managed to carry off a completely successful augury, almost everyone rung the bell once. Here is a brief selection:

A friend in publishing could provide a pleasing opening for old material. (Jolyon Lea.)

The evening is propitious for a mescalin experience. (H. A. C. Evans.)

Bad day for interviewing Evelyn Waugh. (D. H. M. Cook.)

Be careful in your use of the Sicilian Defence. (Granville Garley.)

Authors may be lucky enough to have a book banned. (Vera Telfer.)

Lonely persons of riper years will want to help you. A spot of whiskey will be timely. (John Christopher Hadfield.)

Be sure not to let Thursday's rush keep you from your favourite Espresso. (Joanna Mackay.)

Important new acquaintances will turn up, but don't expect too much of Godot. (A. D. Bennett Jones.)

Two guineas to Gordon Road, and a guinea each to R. B. Browning, J. R. Till, John Thornton and A. M. P.

S.: An attack on the authenticity of your pour-soi may cause your world to flow away. Refuge will fortunately not be found in 19th-century German romanticism.

M.: Remember you are unlimited, pure possibility, for ever not-this. The beaten track may surprise you with something of value.

T.: An experience of being torn between two negations will result in an acceptance of your limit. An unusually good day for metaphysical argument.

W.: In a state of preliminary transcendence you will realise your pour-soi is neither this-here nor that-there. Social realism will have a new meaning for you.

T.: You will be caught unawares immersed in some action of which you are ashamed. Remember your facticity is inaccessible. Avoid "musical" performances in large metropolitan halls.

F.: Under the renewed regard of another you may be lost—organised into his (her) world. Watch the weeklies for startling progress in an art form in which you personally are particularly interested.

Sat.: Escape may now be impossible. Transcend! Avoid radio entertainment particularly in the afternoon.

Thought for the week: Money is only relatively important.

GORDON ROAD

S.: Mercury rises in Libra, so it will be a day of high temperatures for those born under Leo. Readers should concentrate on light (French) literature.

M.: Sagittarians should ensure that they have two strings to their bows, otherwise today's path is likely to be a *via dolorosa*. Scorpions will find topical interest in tropical events.

T.: Venus is in transit and, as *amor gignit amorem*, bachelors born today, should succeed in their pursuits (if enamoured); spinsters ditto.

W.: Mid-week will prove disappointing to those born under Aries; *via trita, via tuta*, so it would be best to be very cautious. Read today Chap. 3 *Rasselas*.

T.: Mars is opposed to Saturn, thus speculation is postulated for this day. Martial said: "*Bene est tentare*," something many could well follow. Good for Virgoans.

F.: The Moon is in the third House, so odd numbers are to be avoided, the more so as Leo is opposed to Pisces. Big game hunters and Anglers thrive now.

Sat.: Good for the elderly, in particular for those born in the first quarter of the year. Propitious for sports, travel by road and for Capricorns who have expectations of legacies. Uncle Littlewood may be generous.

R. B. BROWNING

VIRGO (*August 22–September 22*): Beware of making new friends in foyers on Sunday evenings. An important influence—austere, astral, atonal—is about to enter your life, passing a pretty tall Existentialist critic on the way out. Don't worry if, in the fourth week of the cruellest month but one, you begin to talk like a Compton-Burnett character: your psyche, though threatened by conceptual rays transmitted by the Logical Positivists, is approaching the Eternal Triangle of the Californian Negative, bringing financial gains and a satisfactory escape from tiresome bourgeois matrimonial responsibilities. Lucky number: .0135². Lucky colour: Chiswick pink.

J. R. TILL

VIRGO. Week 3 (September 5–11).

32-day Phase: The off season for creative work—the waiting period. There is little or nothing coming in. Born on any of these late-decorated days of summer you cross the uninspired jungle of the mind. Put bluntly, this Virgo leans to frugality—borrowed books and common taters.

Monday, 5th. Tuesday, 6th. 15th and 16th day of Virgo. The sun is in the middle of the Phase: seasonal low for intellectual pressure. Stay in bed. Let it ride.

Wednesday, 7th. The Wane sets in. Attach yourself to a friend born under Aries, who always gets what he wants and appears to have everything. Your necessity is companionship—and sustenance.

Thursday, 8th. You rise with an idea but close early. . . .

Friday, 9th. The light goes.

Saturday, 10th. The Gas.

Sunday, 11th. 5th day of the Wane. The influence lifts. Revival cannot be predicted here. At such times de Quincey reached for the opium. Stay responsible. You are aware of rising hope. You will regain your Balance with the grand change into LIBRA. There are three movements. See next week.

JOHN THORNTON

M.: You will rent a hovel
And start to write a novel.

T.: Your birthday?
But not, I fear, a mirthday.

W.: A friend, who is really a fo:
Deals your MS. a mortal blow.

T.: Our advice is: return to your shack
And hit back.

F.: You will meet true friends (masonic)
And will drink much gin-and-tonic.

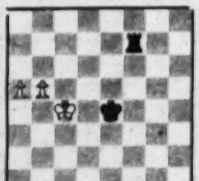
Sat. and Sun.: This weekend decides your FATE.
Lucky number: 1 over the 8.

A. M. P.

The Chess Board

No. 309 In Praise of Fiction

Fact, at times, may well be stranger than fiction but there is certainly that much to be said for the fictionised version that the author can make it as pretty as he pleases. Take this position and its True Life Story of how Tarrasch won it against Janowski at Ostend, 1907. (1) K-Q4, K-Kt6; (2) K-K5, K-B4; (3) P-Kt6, R-K8 ch; (4) K-Q6, R-Q8 ch? (5) K-K7, R-K8 ch; (6) K-B7, resigns. Factual to be sure, but rather dull and pedestrian. It was left to the analysts to ponder the might-have-been and thereby to reveal the hidden beauty of the position. Black, of course, could have given more trouble by (4) . . . R-KKt8! (5) P-Kt7, K-Q5; (6) K-B6!, K-B5; (7) K-Q7!, K-Q4; (8) K-K8!, K-K3; (9) P-B7, R-QR8; (10) P-B8 (Kt!) ch, followed by KtP = Q, etc. This is much better, but the more discerning problemist would still be displeased by the fact that White might as well win by (1) K-K4 and various other deviations. He will not be satisfied unless the basic idea is well and truly fashioned, such as only a fiction-writer of the chessboard can do it in a carefully composed study. Here it is—Keidanski 1915—and as I have space for the main variation only some of the exclamation marks might be useful hints as to where to look for pitfalls and subvariations.



(1) P-Kt6!	R-B8!	(7) K-K6!!	K-K5!
(2) P-R6!	R-B8 ch	(8) K-Q7	K-Q4
(3) K-Kt4!	R-Kt8 ch	(9) K-B8	K-B3
(4) K-B5	R-B8 ch	(10) P-Kt7	R-KR8
(5) K-Q6	R-QR8	(11) P-Kt8(Kt!) ch	K any
(6) P-R7!	K-Q5	(12) P queens, etc.	

This is a small sample from a wealth of interesting material to be found in André Chéron's *Lehr-und Handbuch der Endspiele* (Siegfried Engelhardt Verlag, Berlin-Frohnau 1955, DM 10.50), a revised and very substantially enlarged edition of the author's *Nouveau Traité complet d'échecs—La fin de Partie*, published three years ago. The present volume of the German edition deals with R-endings only, and since it contains 559 diagrams on 348 pages of erudite analysis (to say nothing of a very useful type-index and bibliography), the much abused term "standard work" may here be truly indicated.

A: Vesely 1955

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White had just played R-B7. Black countered Kt x b4, but was made to resign in a couple of moves. How? (And how could he have struggled on?) **B** is one of Chéron's own instructive studies and **C** one of his favourites, both wins for White and well worth 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

B: André Chéron 1954

C: R. M. Kasparyan 1939

Usual prizes. Entries by September 12.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 306. Set August 13

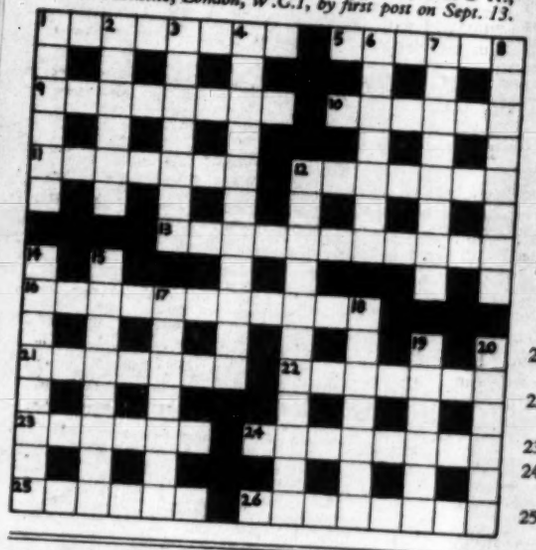
A: (1) . . Kt-KKt5. (2) B x B, Kt-Q5! etc.
B: (1) B-B5, P-R7. (2) B-B8, K-B3. (3) B-Kt4, P queens. (4) B-B3 ch etc.
C: (1) P-Kt6, P x P. (2) P-B5!, KtP x P. (3) P x P, B-R6. (4) P-B6, P x P. (5) P x P, P-Q4 ch. (6) K-B5!, B-Q3. (7) P-B7, B x P stalemate.

Almost all competitors spotted the misprint in **B** (the Pawns being on b5 and b6). Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, M. Rumney.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 168

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 168, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 13.



ACROSS

1. Adventure era in flight (8).
5. Starve though am among the food (6).
9. Torments with the lusts of the flesh? (8).
10. Asserted in the past at Edinburgh Festivals (6).
11. But Shaw needs rewriting for the cleansing agency (7).
12. The rains start with a place of retreat (7).
13. Guides for a hundred dreadful politicians (11).
16. For a holiday resort British Railways love an advertisement with me among the decorations (11).
21. Change us to include the regulation for bandits (7).
22. Remove them and the answer still remains songs (7).
23. Blow for the bar (6).
24. Mrs. Herring the saleswoman? (8).
25. Leave off demolishing the side street (6).
26. Hints for fish in the nursery rhyme sea? (8).

DOWN

1. Be slow perhaps in the joints (6).
2. Systematiser of county and district abbreviations (6).
3. Quietly I expressed my preference and turned round (7).
4. Considers the value in a composer (11).
6. Wealthy man to whom a pound meant a lot (7).
7. Permit to enter into trim alterations (8).
8. Belief in pleasure seems to be a fellow's ideal (8).
12. Plotting a race with the speed of sound (11).
14. Swallowed up like a sailor's gold on the bottom of the sea (8).
15. Priests are quiet about quarrels (8).
17. Unconquering underwear? (7).
18. School-book container one may have to teach inside (7).
19. "The might of ——, the mystery of colour" said Louis Dubedat (6).
20. Weigh up a stupid woman? (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 166

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 166

C. E. Childs (Bexleyheath), Mrs. M. B. Nicholas (Menton), E. F. Watling (Sheffield).

PERSONAL

FELIX and Renate: a son Jonathan on 19 Aug. 1955.

TWO-roomed cottage to let between Cannes and Grasse available now. Car hire in France can be arranged. Box 9363.

EDUC. French girl 18 wants au pair job, improve English. Good with children. Williams, 68 rue Clemenceau, Cannes, A.M.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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"THE Arts in Soviet Factories." Also reports of Publishers and Writers Congresses, articles on Heavy Industry and Consumer Goods, Collective Farm Prospects, Teaching Methods, etc. Anglo-Soviet Journal, Summer No., Vol. XVI, No. 2, just out, 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 9d. Also complete Index, Jan., 1954-June, 1955, of Soviet Information Bulletins, all subjects, 1s. 6d., post free 1s. 9d. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or bookshops.

SOVIET Medicine: J. Chorvat on Neuro-Humoral Concept in Endocrinology. Also Sleep Treatment for Nervous Ailments; Mechanical Suture of Blood Vessels; Health of Collective Farmers; etc. Soviet Medical Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 3. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8 (or bookshops).

SOVIET Psychology: E. N. Sokolov on Problems of Perception. J. McLeish reviews recent materials, inc. report on International Psychology Congress, Montreal, 1954. Soviet Psychology Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 3. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

"PROCURACY in the U.S.S.R." D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Soviet Legal Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 2. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8. 1s. 6d., post free 1s. 9d. Also complete Index all subjects, Jan., 1954-June, 1955, 1s. 6d., post free 1s. 9d.

"HEAVY Industry and Consumer Goods in U.S.S.R." Digest of recent discussions. Also full details on paid holidays, etc. Soviet Social Sciences Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 3. 1s. 6d., post free 1s. 9d. Also complete Index all subjects. Jan., 1954-June, 1955, 1s. 6d., post free 1s. 9d. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

RARE, out-of-print bought/sold. Staunton, Church Hill, Ringmore, Shaldon, Devon.

BOOKS, 2nd hand, posted. Write for lists: Silverdale, 47 Bank Street, Glasgow.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Oliver" Portable Typewriter, latest model, unused, £18 (cost £22); Custom-built Tape Recorder, perfect order, £ariite deck, bargain.

WANTED: Allen and Bowley's "Family Expenditure"; "Music Masterpieces" (Educational Book Company); Arbeau's Orchesesographie; Italian, German Linguaphones.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s. first, 10d. each additional word, and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

EXECUTIVE Editorial Position. Applications are invited from men over 35 for an executive editorial position with a well-established and progressive group of technical magazine publishers in London. The successful candidate will work with editorial teams in a number of different fields, including physics, chemical engineering, electronic engineering and electrical engineering, and candidates must have an honours degree in at least one appropriate subject. Previous experience of technical journalism unnecessary, but proved ability as a technical writer desirable. The position is permanent and pensionable and the salary will not be less than £2,000, with prospects of early advancement. Write in confidence, stating qualifications, experience and age, to Box 698, Gordon House, 75 Farringdon St., E.C.4.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in palaeobotany, and recent and pleistocene mammals. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates taking their degrees in 1955 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,010-£1,185; (women) £893-£1,077. Scientific Officers: (men) £492-£885; (women) £492-£795. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Further partics. from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Br., 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/55 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/55 for Scientific Officers.

AUSTRALIA—University of Tasmania. The University invites applications for the Chair of English which will shortly become vacant due to the retirement of the present occupant. The present salary for Chairs is £A2,500 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 30, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of Tasmania. The University invites applications for the Chair of History which will shortly become vacant owing to the retirement of the present occupant. The present salary for Chairs is £A2,500 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is October 30, 1955.

B.B.C. requires Playreader-Adapter in Drama Script Unit (Sound). Duties: assessment of submitted material and problems of its adaptation. Candidates should have keen interest in theatre and broadcast drama and good literary background. Appreciation of problems and requirements of Sound broadcasting medium most desirable. Limited term temporary appointment by quarterly contract at salary according to experience and qualifications. Requests for application forms (enclosing add. envelope and quoting ref. "1203 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of General Secretary (man or woman) to Nottingham Council of Social Service. Social Science qualification essential. Experience of administrative and committee work and money-raising ability desirable. Salary £600/£800 according to qualifications. Applications with names of three referees to Nottingham Council of Social Service, 45 Castle Gate, Nottingham.

ENTERPRISING young woman, with flair for design, required for unconventional job by Sales Office of manufacturing company. Must be able to drive. Write Managing Director, Box 9386.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PLANT Engineers. Mullard Ltd., invite applications from qualified and experienced engineers to take charge of the Plant Departments of certain new factories. Each factory Plant Department has its own divisions for building, electrical and mechanical work. The Engineer in charge is responsible for the maintenance of most production machinery and for all services including boiler house, heating, lighting, ventilation and pumping; also for plant installation and provision of supplementary services. The posts involve supervising considerable maintenance staff, through divisional heads and charge hands. Minimum qualification: Higher National Certificate, preferably in Mechanical Engineering. Candidates should be at about 35 years of age or above. Experience in a similar post in industry regarded as essential. The starting salary will be not less than £1,000. Applications should be sent in writing giving full details of past experience to the Chief Personnel Officer, Mullard, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, marked P.E./2.

HEATING Engineer. Philips Electrical Industries Ltd., have a vacancy for a fully qualified and experienced Heating and Ventilating Engineer for their Central Plant Engineering Department. The company is expanding rapidly and new establishments are being planned which will incorporate the most up-to-date techniques in the construction, heating, lighting, and ventilation. The vacancy in the Central Plant Engineering Department is for a Heating and Ventilating Engineer to prepare comprehensive heating and ventilating schemes for these new establishments. Candidates should have at least a Higher National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering and an approved qualification in Heating and Ventilating Engineering. Experience regarded as essential for this post would include responsibility for design and installation of industrial space heating systems incorporating oil fired equipment and high pressure hot water heat distribution. Candidates should be 35 years of age or more. This vacancy will carry a 4-figure salary. Applicants who have this experience and wish to be considered should write giving full details to the Chief Personnel Officer, Philips Electrical Industries, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, marked H.E./2.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. No more applications from meteorologists can be accepted. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: for Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1955; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1955. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1955 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £750–£920 (men); £663–£808 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer: £302 (at age 18) to £670 (men), £584 (women). Starting pay up to £545 (men) or £516 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/55.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Limited, Education Department. Under a Five-Year Plan of experimental work an appointment is to be made of a Tutor-Organiser in Adult Education to initiate and help conduct pilot experiments in selected areas throughout the country. While the scope will include Co-operative and social studies, the special emphasis will be on consumer education—i.e., in helping the consumers to exercise their choices with discrimination. Applications are especially invited from women who are interested and qualified in consumer education. Commencing salary within the range of £550 × £25 × £700. Further details (with application forms to be returned by September 22, 1955) may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Limited, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

PROMISING career for intelligent school leaver, boy or girl, interested science and pref. languages. 'Phone day-time MAC. 5575.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Lecturer in Indonesian and Malayan. The salary range is £A1,098-£A1,448 p.a. (including a cost of living adjustment at present £A198 p.a.). Commencing salary will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant. Further particulars, conditions of appointment and the summary form which must accompany applications may be obtained from Secy., Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applics. close in Australia and London October 14, 1955.

OLIVETTI—Italy. Ing. C. Olivetti & C. S.p.A. of Ivrea, Italy, have vacancies at their research and development laboratories in Italy for qualified engineers with full experience in digital computers. Candidates, aged up to 40, must have a solid scientific and technical background and be keenly interested in all matters relating to electronic calculators. They should be capable of taking an active and creative part in the design of control units for data processing computers. In arriving at the starting salary, consideration will be given to experience in this specialised field and to previous career. Renewable two-year contracts are offered. Write, giving full details of education and previous experience, to the Personnel Manager, Ing. C. Olivetti & C. S.p.A., Ivrea, Italy. Replies should reach the advertiser not later than September 30 and will be dealt with by October 15.

THE Suez Contractors Management Co. Ltd., requires the following staff for a comprehensive Secondary Co-educational Boarding School in the Suez Canal Zone: Headmaster; French & Latin Specialist; Mathematics & General Science Specialist; Wood & Metalwork Specialist, also teachers of general subjects. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women teachers. Remuneration based on Burnham scale plus foreign service allowance. Full details from George Wimpey & Co. Ltd., Dept. 19, Wright's Lane, London, W.8.

THE National Institute for Research in Dairying requires personal assistant (female) to senior member of staff who is an Adviser on Pig Research to the Agricultural Research Council. Qualifications: secretarial training and experience and pass degree (science or agriculture) or equivalent. Experience in searching and collating scientific literature an advantage. Appointment for two years in the first instance. Salary according to age in scale, £382½ (age 21)—£486½ (age 26 or over on entry)—£554, or, for suitably experienced person over 30, in scale £633—£771. Applications with names of two referees, to the Secretary, N.I.R.D., Shinfield, Reading. Quote reference 55/12.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle upon Tyne. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of trainee Psychiatric Social Worker in this Department, which consists of a central teaching hospital clinic and a number of associated centres. Candidates should be at least 22 years of age and should hold a Degree with a Post-Graduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate. The appointment will be for a period of one year from October 1, 1955. Salary £350 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom three copies of application, which should include the names of two referees, should be submitted not later than September 17, 1955. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

THE London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised School of Sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at the London Chest Hospital, Victoria Park, E.2. Salary scale £540 (at 24 years of age or with three years' approved experience) rising to £675. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars and application form obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, 273 Bancroft Road, E.1, returnable by Sept. 24.

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 21 years of age. Candidates under 30 who do not possess a university diploma in social studies or its equivalent will normally be required to undertake a University Course as part of their training. Candidates over 30 who have had practical experience in social work can be accepted for shorter training lasting about a year. Particulars of salaries payable during training and forms of application may be had from Sec., Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. This advertisement should be mentioned.

MATRON required for Home for 18 psychotic and maladjusted children, aged 3-10 years. S.R.N. not essential, but candidates must have had wide experience in children's work, be able to deal with House Mother staff, possess good organising ability, energy, initiative and an enjoyment of life. Salary £550 × £20(4)—£630 per annum, less £170 per annum board-residence. Applics. to Sec., Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Cttee., Bleak House, Catherine St., St. Albans, Herts, as soon as possible.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Woodlands Remand Home (20 boys). Applications are invited for the appointment of Resident Male Supervisor at the above Remand Home. Duties will be to assist the Superintendent in all matters affecting the care of boys on remand. The person appointed will be required to deputise for the Superintendent during his absence, for which a special responsibility allowance of £50 per annum will be paid. Salary: Qualified, £440 at age 23 years, rising to a maximum of £700 per annum. Unqualified, £410-£470 per annum. The qualified scale will be paid to persons qualified as for appointment of Housemaster at an Approved School. A charge of £108 per annum will be made for board and lodging. No accommodation can be provided for applicant's family. Pensionable post subject to medical examination. Application forms from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date September 16, 1955.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Children's Visitor, male, Grade A.P.T. 1, £503 × £20—£580. Applicant must have had experience in dealing with children deprived of a normal home life, and hold a Degree, a Diploma in Social Science, or similar qualifications. Superannuable post, subject to medical examination; N.J.C. conditions of service. Applications, stating date of birth, education, qualifications, experience, present and past appointments (with dates), testimonials, and the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Deputy Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield 1 by Oct. 1. John Heys, Town Clerk.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist (female) required. Candidates should possess the Psychological qualification. National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, exper., etc., with names of 3 refs., to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Mddx.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with Problem Families to many other parts of the country. Social workers interested in participating in this development can obtain details of salaries, qualifications, training, etc., from 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

ST. JULIANS (see report in last November's "Housewife") require a housemother with teaching experience to look after a group of from 12 to 16 children and to conduct and organise craft activities and games. She will be required to work in co-operation with the Administrator and will be given assistance by resident staff. Married women considered. Apply particulars, giving qualifications and experience, to the Secretary, Rumshott Estate, Ltd., St. Julians, Sevenoaks.

CO-OPERATIVE Youth Organiser to develop leisure-time activities for children and adolescents in a large society. Experience of youth work within the co-operative movement desirable. Salary £500 p.a., plus bonus. Superannuation scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application form, to be returned by September 14, from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

COOK/Housekeeper wanted by small social service organisation Kensington. Weekends free. 4 weeks' annual leave. Resident pref. Salary by arrangement. Reply Family Service Unit, 36 Colville Terrace, W.11.

POSTS include Housekeepers, Companions; Cook-housekeeper (Surrey schl.), Matron-housekeepers, asst. Matrons (schls.); Sec. & Junior Asst. (educ. assns. W.C.1); Sh./typist (social serv. org.). The Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TER. 8566.

WORKERS' Educational Association. Yorkshire District (South). Applications are invited for the post of organising-tutor in North-East Derbyshire. Applicants should be graduates with a degree in history or the social sciences. Salary scale £550 × £25 × £800. Application forms and further details from District Secretary, W.E.A., 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield, 1.

ENGLISH teachers needed now in Spain for the Oxford Institute. Write Carrillo, 81 Kensington Gdns. Square, W.2.

CENTRAL Council for the Care of Cripples. Experienced Secretary, Shorthand Typist required, as soon as possible, for work in connection with examinations for the Orthopædic Nursing Certificate. Commencing salary £390 per annum. Applications in writing, giving full details of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, C.C.C.C., 34 Eccleston Sq., London, S.W.1. VIC. 2928.

THEATRE Trainee-Manager required by leading Repertory Theatre in South Midlands. Personality & initiative essential qualifications. Full particulars, including copy references & educational details, Box 9397.

ALL-round man, genuinely interested in education, wanted to help on the practical side in co-educational school. No teaching experience required. Full- or part-time. Good working conditions. Box 9396.

ADULT Education Centre seeks members of house-team with horticultural & agricultural experience. Write to Secretary, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDITORIAL secretary for this journal. Highest qualifications reqd. Apply in writing: Secretary, 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist, small voluntary organisation dealing with delinquency; interesting and varied work; pref. able take charge small library; commencing salary £7 p.w.; 3 wks.' annual holiday. Box 9421.

INTERESTING clerical post in small publisher's office; good general education and typing essential; part, possibly ful. time. Tel. LAN. 8236 or write Box 9461.

PART-time shorthand-typist reqd. by Social Work organisation. Write for partics. to Sec., Stepney Family Service Unit, 71 Vallance Rd., E.1.

JUNIOR Sec. wanted for West End Music Publishers, also Copyright Royalty Clerk. Apply in writing stating exp., salary, Mills Music, Mills House, Denmark St., W.C.2.

INTELLIGENT Secretary, keen to take responsibility, required by technical film unit. Salary from £8 p.w. according experience. Box 9312.

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UNITED Synagogue reqs. lady assistants for their social welfare departments. Aged about 21. Good shorthand & typing speeds essential. Salary according to experience & quals. Tel. EUSton 3655, Ext. 5.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff, 10-5, no Sats. £7 10s. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt, Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

PORTMAN Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. All applicants for temporary or permanent secretarial posts, interesting and well paid, will be welcome. WEL. 4559.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOCIAL Anthropologist, M.S., Ph.D. candidate, American Indian, Arctic specialist; 4 years asst. professor ethnology, archaeology, linguistics in American Universities, experienced researcher in minority questions; desires to relocate outside U.S.A., skls. teaching/research position. Box 9225.

BRAND-new Graduate (m. 23), good Hons. degree (Econ.), some French and German, wishes to avoid dull routine, desires interesting and progressive post. Anything considered, but preferably Commercial Sales post. Willing and eager to undertake training and to travel anywhere abroad. Box 9443.

GRADUATE (m. 23), French/German, interests literature, music, seeks first post. Anything considered, suggestions welcomed. A. R. Black, 2 Crockerton Road, S.W.17.

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INTERESTING employment sought by 2 females, 25. Ex dispenser & sh./typist. Driver's licence & small car avail. Intell., conscientious. Refs. to support. Type of work & irregular hours immaterial provided not monotonous. Willing travel. Box 9483.

MAN suffering depression requires active work meeting people, involving travel if possible. Bona fide plea to sympathetic employer. Box 9293.

PENSIONER reqs. lit. work. Prefaces, introds., MSS edited/prepared. Box 9228.

ENGLISH lady, Physiotherapist, teacher, wishes work France, soon. Box 8688.

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MAN, 22, offers intelligence & initiative for remunerative occupation. Anything considered. Box 9294.

GRADUATE, 27, fluent French, German, wide lit., musical interests, colourist, designer, seeks change of vocation, square hole rather than round income. Box 9366.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

APPLICANTS avail. as Secretaries, Bursars, for societies, prof. assocns., schools. Matrons, asst. matrons for schools. Joint appointments (man and wife) as Caretakers, Caterer & Housekeeper, &c. Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TER. 8566.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE Australian National University, Canberra. Research Scholarships. Applications are invited from post-graduate students with research experience for scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology, Demography, Economics including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Geography, Australian History, Far Eastern History (China and Japan)*, Pacific History, International Relations, Law, Political Science including Public Administration, Philosophy including Social and Political Philosophy and Statistics including Mathematical Statistics. The scholarship tenure is for a period of two to three years. Scholars are expected to enrol for a Ph.D. degree, and will normally commence their studies in March, 1956. The present value of a scholarship is £A705 per annum. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted additional allowances, and the University will make a contribution not exceeding £stg.115 towards a scholar's fares to Canberra from the United Kingdom and the same amount towards his return journey. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the undersigned** or The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applics. shd. be lodged with the undersigned** by Oct. 15, 1955. **D. K. R. Hodgkin, Acting Registrar, Box 4, G.P.O., Canberra, A.C.T., Australia. *A substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a prerequisite.

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OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7*gns.* Summer 7½-9*gns.*

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

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MOUNTAIN Guest House, families welcome. Walking, climbing. Good food. Hot water. Paul and Beryl Work, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales.

A FEW September Vacancies at Normanhurst, the small friendly Hotel in "Britain's Best Climate," noted for its many sunny days. Rec. by readers. 5½/8*gns.* wkly., fully incl. Ill. brochures. Vegetarian if reqd. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. (Also booking Oct.—Summer attractions throughout.) Hastings 4784.

HOVE, comf. Guest House nr. sea, offers a few vacancies Sept. From 5*gns.* full board. From Oct. wk./ends or longer. 18 Rutland Gdns., Hove, 3. Tel. Hove 39389.

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BEAUTIFUL countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne Line.) Horam Rd. 32.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CORNWALL, Treharrock Manor. Continental Holiday now midst loveliest beaches on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Few vacancies Sept. Glorious surf-bathing, Polzeath. Sun-bathing. Safe, golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing in Italian-like villages. Salmon, trout. TV lounge. Billiards. Table-tennis. Children's room. Golf (Rock). Open all year. Select. Re-equipped. 5 hrs. London. 11*gns.* except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Miss Wainewright. Port Isaac 234.

EDINBURGH. Accommodation assured or secured. All seasons. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. 'Phone: 31905.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Old Norton House on the old-world Green of this famous seaside village. Sea, cliffs, downs. Hotel with friendly atmosphere, sunny rooms, first-rate food. Booking now for October and the winter. 8 and 9*gns.* Brochure. Tel. 3120. Proprietor: D. Chapman, M.P.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

GUESTS welcomed in simple country house in lovely Cotswold valley. September 5*gns*, October 4*gns*. Steanbridge, near Stroud, Glos. Telephone Painswick 2312.

BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hostel. Quaker Guest House. In beautiful quiet Buckinghamshire countryside. Why spend money and time on long railway journeys?

S. DEVON. "Far from madding crowd." 17th Century Farmhouse/Manor, now informal Guest House. Vacs. fr. Sept. 17. Our lanes deter the speedy, our sound barrier remains unbroken. Late Dinner. Rm. & bfst. 15s. Broch.: Old Coombe, Dittisham on the Dart, Dartmouth. Dittisham 98.

RESTFUL holidays, Country Guest House, on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food; home prod. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

WEEK-ENDS or longer in lovely country house amidst most beautiful surroundings. Excellent food—reasonable inclusive charges—restful, friendly atmosphere. The Hallams, nr. Guildford. Tel. Bramley 306811.

PAYING guests welc. Modernised farmhse., ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

MEDITERRANEAN. Autumn warmth and sunshine, good food, reasonable. Ideal convalescence. Dr. & Mrs. De Labre, 62 Rue Tixador, Canet Plage (P.O.), France.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

183 Gloucester Place, N.W.1. Bed and breakfast, £3 7s. 6d. H. & C. PAD. 3818.

ATTRAC. B/s. room in priv. house. Mod. cons. Gdn. Serv. Brkfst. 2 mins. Maida Vale Tube & buses. CUN. 3417/Box 9260.

TWO rooms in family house for 2 women students. Single divan-rooms or share bedroom & sep. sitting-room. On direct bus route to Senate House, Kings, Kensington, Royal Ac., etc. B. & b. 2½*gns.* each. Refs. exch. WIL. 5966 bef. 10.30 a.m./Box 9428.

FURN. B/S. rm. for lady. Use bath., kit. 30s. Or meals provided. BAT. 9895.

UPPER Berkeley St., W.1. Vacancy prof. person. Bed, full breakfast. WEL. 8996.

COMFORTABLE B/S. room nr. tube. Ckg. facs. Happy atmosphere. SPE. 5308.

LOVELY sunny bedroom, wide river view. Gas fire, ring, use bath/kitchenette, linen. 45 mins. London. 2½*gns.* p.w. Business woman prefd. Apply: RIChmond 0973.

URGENTLY reqd., girl to share 5½*gns.* flat with another, S.E. London. Box 9457.

PLEASANT bed/sitting-room to let (flat, S.W.11), gas fire, ring, meter, c.h.w. Telephone. Facilities light ckg. only. Refrig. Partial attendance. Quiet business or professional woman, out during day. 40s. Refs. Victoria 15 mins. Box 9213.

HAMPSTEAD, nr. Heath, Tube, 2 furn. bed-sitt. for girls. Share b. & k. with third. SWI. 2013, evenings, week-end.

HAMPSTEAD Gdn. Suburb. Sgle. B/S. for lady. 35s. p.w. incl. MEA. 3613.

COMF. bed-sit. room with all convs. Gentleman pref. Flat 5, Stirling Mans., 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

ST. JOHN'S Wood. Young woman wishes to share her flat with another. MAI. 0566 after 7.30 p.m.

EALING. Large bedsitting room suitable professional/business lady. Use kitchen, bath, elec. light. 2½*gns.* inc. Box 9398.

BAYSWATER. 2 comfortable bed-sit. rooms, lge. bathrm., for 2 quiet prof. people. Elec. cooker, con. h.w., cen. heating. 5*gns.* wkly. incl. Refs. Tel. BAY. 7057.

WEST Dulwich, bedroom, kitchen & sit.-room, semi-furnished, use bath, for business lady. Mod. rent. Box 9394.

LARGE attract. ground-flr. bed-sits., fully equipped. Also small furn. flat, Bromley, Kent. RAVensbourne 0533.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

45s. Newly furn. divan-rms. H.C. Bkfst. opt. Fine rsdntl. house. TUD. 6713.

WOULD any kindly disposed people (professional only) allow woman artist use of very large room, simply furn. with cooking facilities, own divan. Need to stack canvases and hang on walls. No professional renters. Civilised well-read, travelled. Bankers' refs. & others. Low rent absolutely necessary. Within 10s a week rail journey Victoria, London. Box 9442.

SCHOOLMASTER shs. bright flatlet. Central/West End. Reas. Perm. Box 9451.

YOUNG man requires unfurn. flatlet London, pref. N.W./S.W. Box 9406.

SINGLE young man seeks accom./flat South Essex. Box 9458.

WANTED. Charing X or S.W.1 for sgle. wom. (Civ. Serv.), 1 rm., H. & C. bas., use bath twice wk. Away w'ends. Box 9352.

YOUNG New Zealand woman music student desires room, flatlet, furn./unfurn. Very reliable tenant. Box 9368.

YOUNG woman (25) wants pleasant place to live, compensate grim social work, easy reach S.E.8. Meals if possible. Box 9211.

WANTED by bachelor (31), furn. rm., quiet, sunny, clean, central, nr. tube/shops/restaurants. Max. 5bs. Box 9345.

YOUNG 'cello student (f.) reqs. cheap room between Camden Town & Waterloo. Weldon, 17 Lambolle Rd., N.W.3.

YNG. Australian couple (hospital resident and teacher) req. reas. accom. Lond. B/S. or share flat. Own linen, etc. Box 9432.

YOUNG couple req 2 or 3 rms., k., b., use gdn. Quiet, London. Box 9441.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

FLAT, furn. for 4, S/C., 4th floor, 6½*gns.* weekly. 157 Kensington High St. WES. 2211, 9-6 p.m.

TWO most comfortably furn. S/C. flats to let, same building, Putney. Each accommodates 5 (no young children). 'Phone, refrig., parking. One year or longer. 9½ and 10½*gns.* wk. incl. c.h.w. & porter. Box 9340.

NEW unfurn. maisonette, W.8, 4 rms., etc., £430 p.a. incl. Children welc. Superb part-furn. flat for 2. 6*gns.* wk. Box 9430.

NO landlord mentality: large unusual s/c flat off Wimbledon Common, close shops, buses; recently replastered, needs decorating. Basic furnishings. 3 rooms, kit., sep. bath, w.c., cellar, tel. Use gdn. 5*gns.* WIM. 0568.

FURN. semi-basement flat. Two large rooms, kitchen, etc. Lovely position near heath & buses. Easy access City, West End. Moderate rent. 2 adults only. Box 9354.

FURNISHED flat in spacious country house, 21 miles London. Self-ctnd., 3 rms., kit., bathrm., garden, phone, £22 15s. mthly. Garage avible. Hosey ridge, Westerham, Kent. (Westerham 2322 aft. 7 p.m. or w'end.)

DEVON. Country house to let, well-furnished Scandinavian style, 2 recep., 5 bedrms. All main services. Village 1 mile, Okehampton 2 miles. Small farm attached 6 acres. To let 9 months or longer; 5*gns.* a week to careful tenant. Box 9490.

FURNISHED Cottage to let October-April. Warm, comfortable, sunny; old furn., mod. cons., sleep 3/4. 4*gns.* Apply Mrs. Whitelaw, Alderney, Channel Isles.

EXCH. flat Richmond Hill, beaut. 4 rms., 1st flr., bathrm., kit., sep. w.c., tel., built-in wardrobes, 41s. inc., for mod. L.C.C. flat or similar, Cen. Lon. Box 9422.

HALF-pint-size lady teacher shs. suitably sml. unfurn. s/c. flat, N.W. London. Mod. rent. Wd. dec. Refs. exchd. Box 9356.

PROF. couple, wife coloured, urgently seek ground-floor flat easy reach Tufnell Park. £3 10s. Advance rent. Box 9142.

HARVARD Professor desires furnished house with 4 bedrooms, from October 15 to June 15. Chelsea preferred. Box 9423.

YNG. prof. cpl. chn., gt., sh. inex. 2-rm. s/c. flat, b./b. N.W./W./S.W. MAI. 3051.

MUSICIAN wants s/c unfurn. studio-flat. Good heating facilities, telephone essential. Excellent references. Box 9399.

WANTED—cottage, coach-house/any property suitable conversion one hour's dist. London. Swift, 95 Comeragh Rd., W.14.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

PROFESSIONAL or Institutional use close Wigmore St., W.1. Over 4,000 sq. ft. floor area plus first-class self-contained maisonette over contained in Superior Dignified Stone-fronted building with many refinements. Splendidly appointed conference room. Central htg. and excel. natural light. £25,000 for long Head Lease. Box 9192.

£400. Unspoiled West Wales. Frhld. country cottage. 4 rooms, stone-built. Calor stove, Elsan. 8 miles Carmarthen. Box 9339.

IN quiet country village between Horsham/Dorking, roomy family hse. for sale frhld. Part ancient/modern. Considerable mortgage offered if desired. £3,750. Box 9246.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last day Sept. 3 at 5 & 8. Waiting for Godot. Mems.

NEW Lindsay. BAY. 2512. 8 p.m. (except Mon.) Sun. 5 & 8. "Strangers' Wharf," by Iris Tree. From Sept. 6. Mems.

UNITY Theatre: Last weekend of "Pence-meal." Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.45. Next weekend: Special showings of "Children of Hiroshima." Opening Sept. 16: "Road to Life." EUSton 5391. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 4: "Appointment with Venus" (U). From Sept. 5: Max Ophuls' "La Ronde" (X).

NATIONAL Film Th., Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Sept. 3, Audie Murphy in "Red Badge of Courage" (U). Dir.: John Huston. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

HOLBORN Film Soc. begins its 8th season on Oct. 2. Subscr. 17s. 6d. for 14 shows; the first 8 shows include: Third Man, Drôle de Drame, A nous la liberté, General Suvurov, The Broken Jug, Quai des Orfèvres, The Kiss (Garbo), My Universities, Crimson Flower, Unicorn in the Garden. Full dets. from Hon. Sec., 34 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

BRITISH Premières: "Under the Yoke" and "Bulgarian Folk Dances." 11th Ann. Celebration Bulgarian Liberation. Islington Town Hall, Sept. 8, 7.30. Adm. by ticket. Apply early. Society for Friendship with Bulgaria, 42 Tavistock St., W.C.2. No charge.

DOCUMENTARY Film: "Moana" (Flaherty), "Sausalito" (Stauffacher), Sun., Sept. 11, 7.30 p.m. Club International, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Mems.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 61st Season, Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 17. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s 6d., available at doors only.

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. 1955/6 season will include Haydn Mass in D (The Imperial) and Mozart's Requiem. Practices Wednesdays 8-10 p.m. Good musicians in all voices are invited to apply to Mrs. Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, N.W.3 for details of audition on September 19.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Young Contemporaries—Selection from the Art Schools of Great Britain.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily. inc. Sunday.

FOUR French Realists. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings by André Minaux, Ginette Rapp, Roger Montané, Jean Vinay. Tate Gallery. Closes Sept. 4, weekdays 10-6 Sun. 2-6. Admission free.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Millichip, Souza, Christoforou, King, Weatherson; recent work.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibn., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mondrian, 1872-1944: retrospective exhibition. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Young Midland Artists. Aug. 9-Sept. 10. Daily 10-6 p.m. inc. Sats.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II Artists of Fame and Promise. An entirely new exhibition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Boudin, Corot, Courbet, Degas, F/Latour, Picasso, Signac and others. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Some French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Bryan Wynter. First London exhibition by Orix. Drawings by William Strutt (1825-1915).

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Helen Lempriere. Till Sept. 24. Tues.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mondays.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Victor Willing. Paintings. Frosso Eftimiadi, Sculpture. Private View—September 6 a. 4 p.m.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. New Sculptors & Painter-Sculptors. Extended to Sept. 10. 10.30-6. Sats. until 1. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, craft work. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5 until September 30. 1s., children 6d. Organised by "The Sunday Pictorial."

WILLIAM Etty. Exhibition of Paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Sept. 10. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "The New Weapons, Defence and Foreign Policy": Michael Stewart, M.P., Wed., Sept. 7, 7.30 p.m. Sept. 14, "Fabian Social Research": Mary Stewart. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome, 2s.

"THIRD Way International Conference"; Public meeting, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1, Monday, September 5, at 8 p.m. Speakers: Leslie Hale, M.P., Rev. Kenneth Greet, Joseph Murumbi, Maung Maung Ji, Bayard Rustin and A. J. Muste. Chairman, Reginald Reynolds.

SHAW Society meets at Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Sept. 9, 7 p.m.: E. B. Pettet (Amherst, Mass.) on "Life Force: Shaw's Comedic Norm." Sept. 23, 6.45 p.m.: Recital & reminisc. by Terence O'Brien & Ruth Spalding. Adm. 2s. 6d.

FACING Total War: weekend discussion gp., Sept. 16 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns. W.2. Public lect. Sun. 8 p.m., Sept. 4: The Way of the Heart.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., Sept. 8, 7.30: "Evolution (Individual)." On Sundays at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome.

YOGA. Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.11. Lectures every Tues., 6.30 p.m. Sept. 6: Adhyatma Yoga in Outline. Arranged Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

BAHA'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting, 8 p.m. Thur., Sept. 8, "The Need of a Spiritual Renaissance."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., September 10. German lecture.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

HOW Europe's Democratic Socialists have approached their problems—a comparative study with T. F. M. McKitterick, P. Ericsson and distinguished foreign speakers. Central London Fabian Society Week-end School at Wilton Park, Sept. 16-18. £2 2s. excl. coach. Details N. Brewster, 97 Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

58 "Leisure-Time" Courses in: A Home of Your Own, The Bible in a Scientific Age, Philosophy, International Affairs, Old London, Literature, Natural History, Languages, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel: Norway, France, Sweden, etc., Scottish Dancing, Woodwork (Men & Women), Canteen, Common Room, and Library, at the Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (Euston 1816). Courses commence, Monday, September 26; enrolment from Monday, September 19. Syllabus on application to Registrar.

LEARN a Language this Winter. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lesson, sent gratis, post free. Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mans., Wigmore St. London, W.1. WEL. 1411.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College, 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PAD. 3320. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Appointments Bureau. Prospectus on application to Secretary.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. New Courses September 27. Day and resident students. Canteen.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

LONDON University Extension Lectures: Diploma in Sociology. 4-year course: (1) Social History of Modern Britain; (2) Social Structure; (3) Psychological Aspects of Society; 24 weekly lectures from September 26, fee £1; (4) Criminology and Psychology of Delinquency, 26 lectures, fee 30s. Details from Deputy General Secretary, I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

BECOME Your Own Economist! Ten-week course in Basic Economics & Social Philosophy (with discussion). Begins mid-September in Westminster, Croydon, Gantshill, Palmers Green, Welling (Kent). Write/phone for complete details. Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1. ABB. 6665. No fees.

KING George VI Training Scheme. The National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs is once more accepting applications for their long-term training course. Devised for voluntary and part-time leaders, rural and urban, work for the Certificate includes supervised practical training and a correspondence course for theoretical study. For further particulars and application form apply The Education and Training Officer, 30 Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

ST Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons: beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

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MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, GLA. 2987.

GENTLEMEN, Don't Buy. Have your shirts repaired as new. Moderate charges. New double cuffs 5s. 9d. New Collar 6s. 6d. Work of highest standard. Post Shirt(s) for free Estimate or send for full Price List to Joanna, Dept. 32, 26 Southbourne Grove, W., Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

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SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

IN Switzerland! At Institut Bleu-Léman, Villeneuve (nr. famous Chillon Castle, Montreux), Lake of Geneva, your daughter will learn French or other languages, attend secretarial course, etc., in surroundings of unique beauty. Holiday course, Winter in the mountains! English refs. Prospectus.

KING Alfred School (F 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

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MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals: Carl & Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

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RAYMONT School, Shortlands, have three vacancies for Boarders. Aged 4-10 yrs.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.: boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel. Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. Nicholas School, 39, Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre gdn. & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430

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